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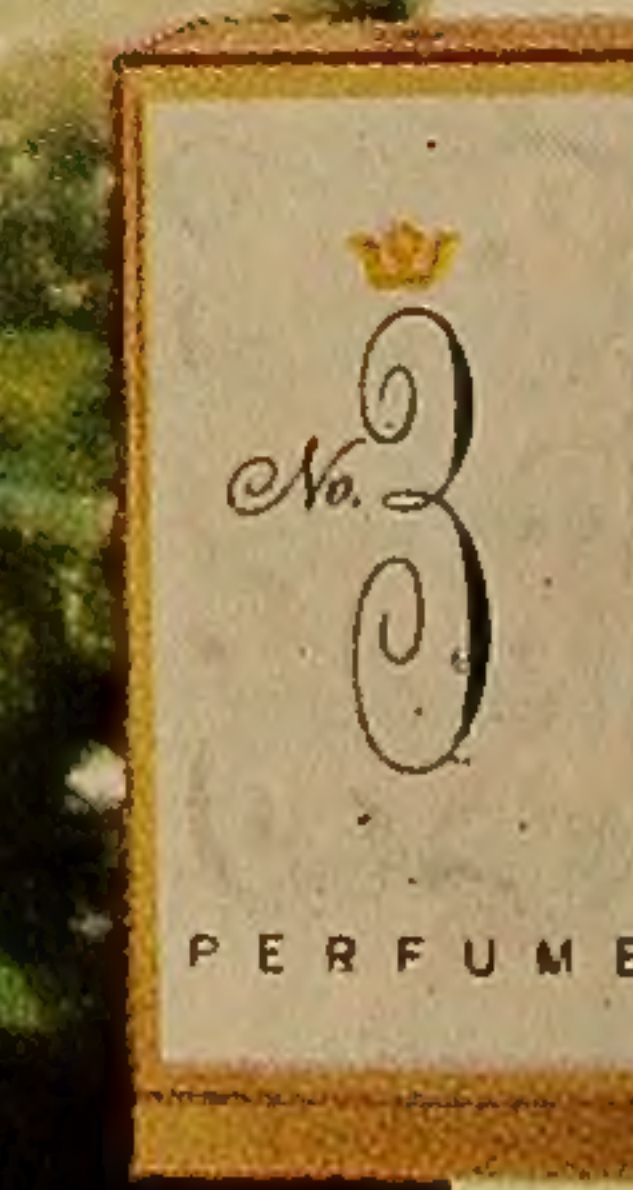
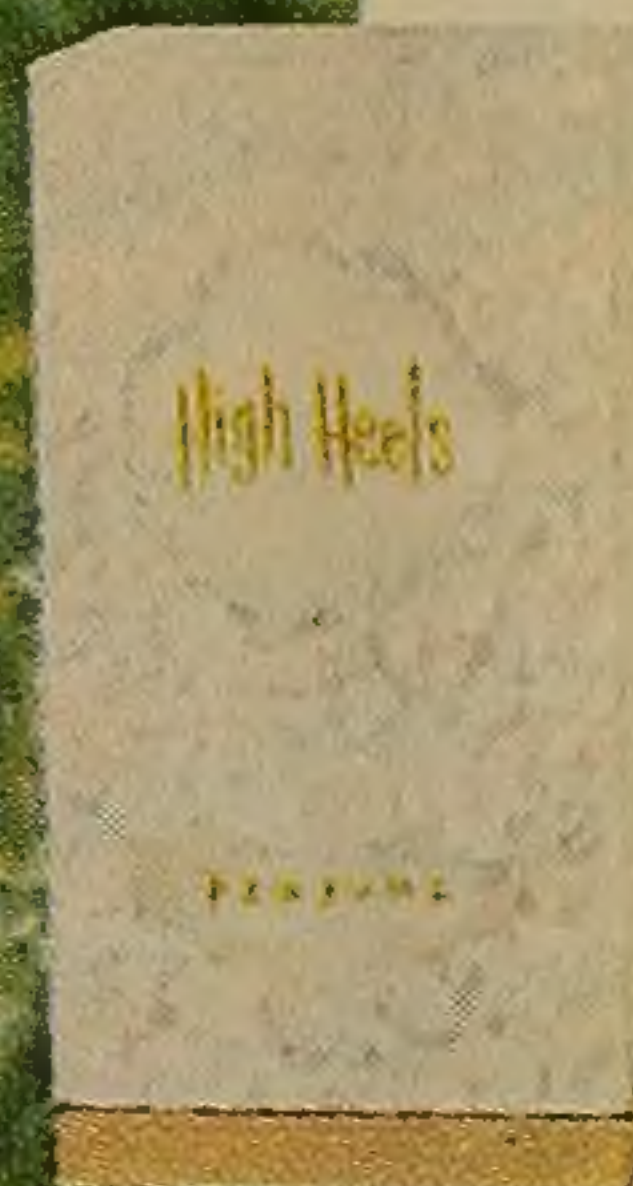
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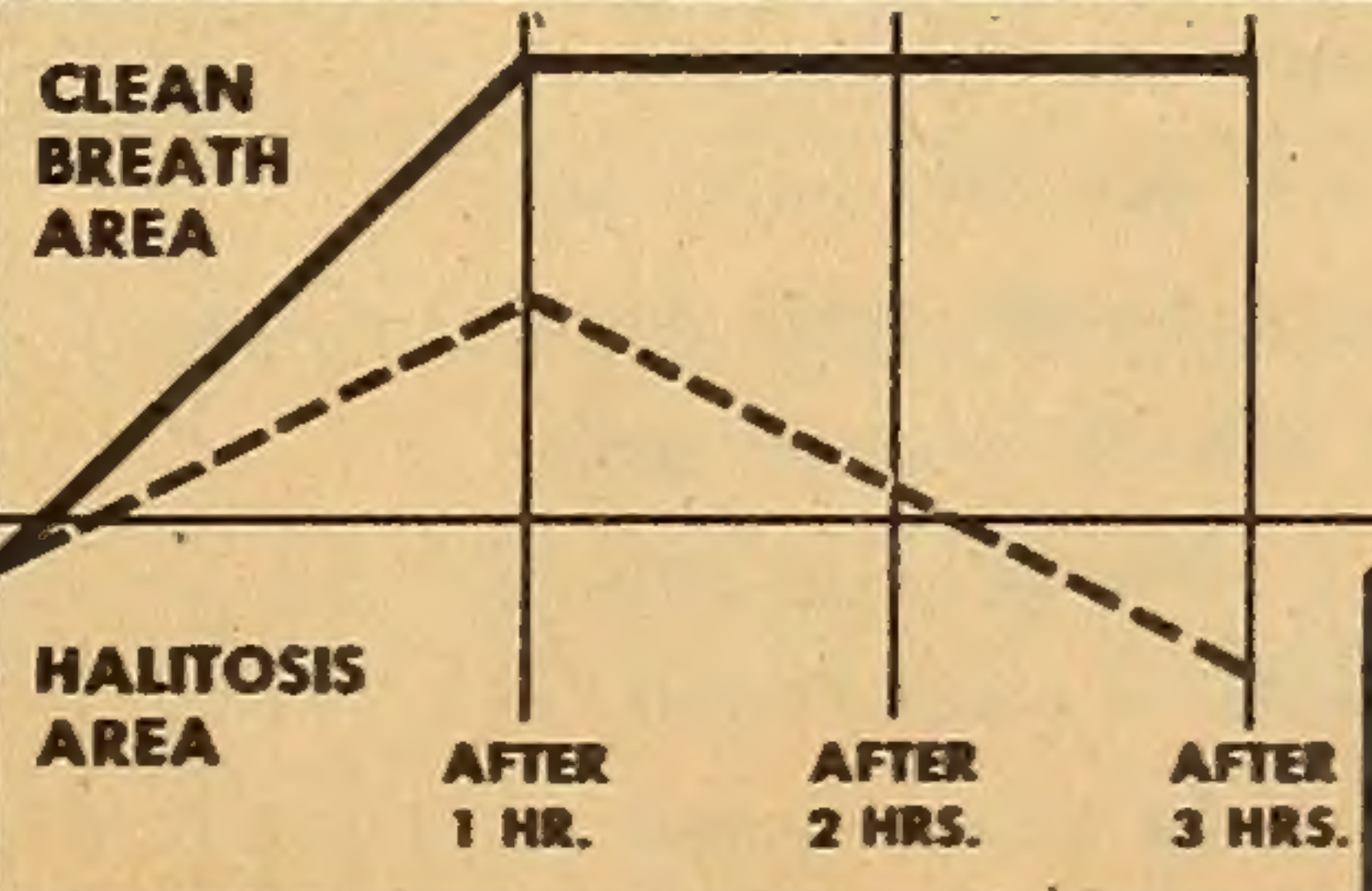
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Volume 60, Number 4
January, 1958

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ON THE COVER: NATALIE WOOD, NOW STARRING IN THE WARNER BROS. FILM, "MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR"

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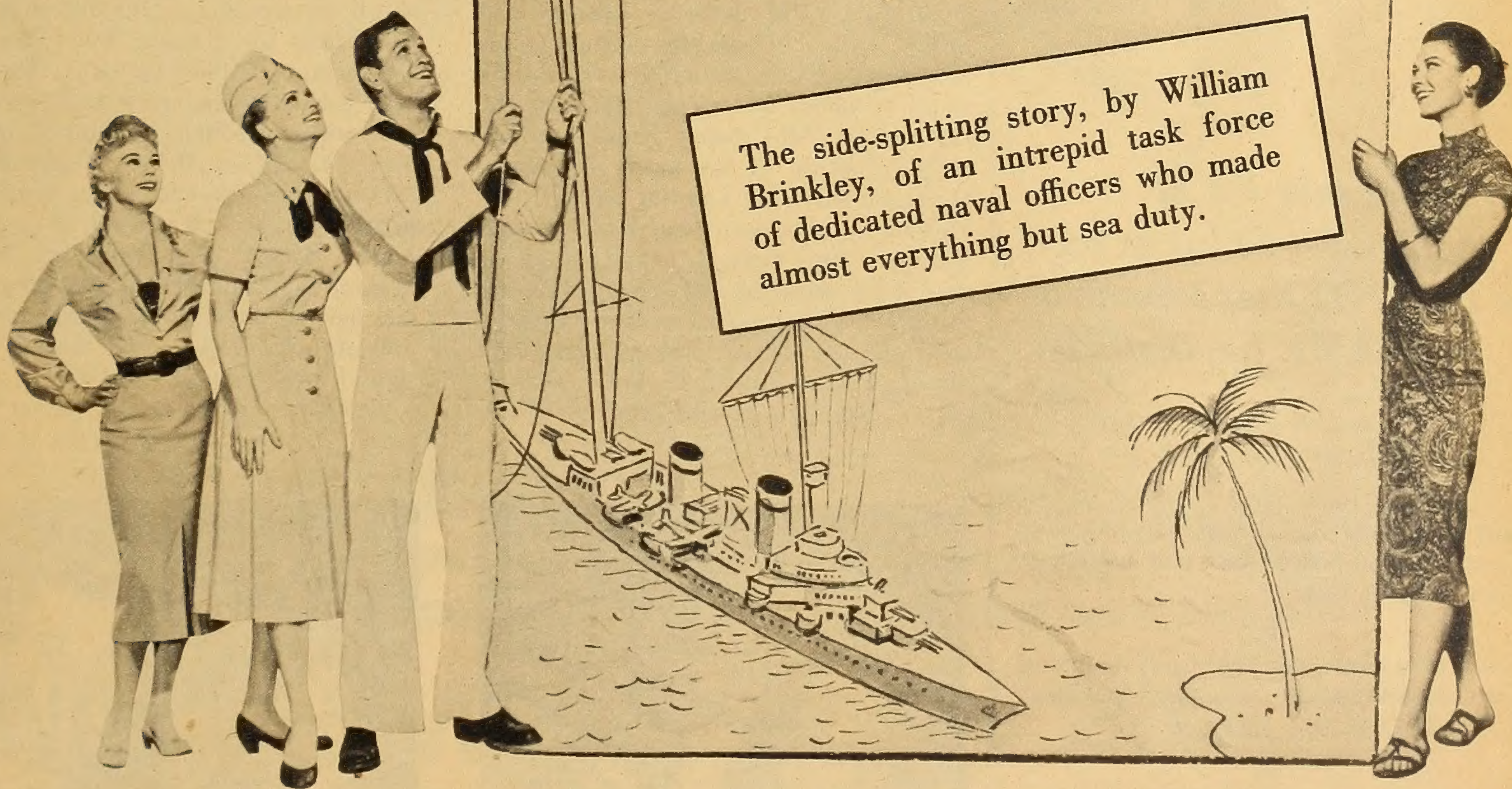
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Groucho Marx

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almost everything but sea duty.



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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

● Janet and Tony keeping their fingers crossed

● Rock Hudson's plans for the future



THIS is Sheilah Graham reporting with the lowdown, highdown, and who loves who in Hollywood. . . . And if Rita Hayworth is not Mrs. James Hill by the time you scan this, it will be the longest time she has dated a feller without rushing into matrimony. . . . Ditto for Ava Gardner and Walter Chiari, who fight, kiss, make up and fight with almost monotonous regularity. Surprising news that Ava has tired of her lazy life in Spain. Now that she sold her house near Madrid, Ava plans to divide her living between London and Switzerland. . . . And I'm curious to see how producer Al Lewin will sidestep the censors when he shows Ava as the Duchess of Alba being painted in the nude by Goya, in his movie biography of the famous 18th Century painter. . . . "I want to play a—" said Leslie Caron, using a word that is usually used to describe a loose woman. "But producers think I look too pure, so I've written a story myself which my husband will direct. I'll be *tres, tres gay*." *Ooo la la*. . . . Sad sight. George Raft at MGM,

hoping someone will offer him a good part in a good picture. . . . Of course, there's always a television series. But who wants to work that hard.

Most unexpected twosome—Frank Sinatra and former quiz kid, Vanessa Brown. And how do you like the line in Sinatra's "Pal Joey"—where he explains—"You don't expect me to get along on Wheaties all the time." If you read your scandal mags, and I hope you don't, Frankie's prowess with the ladies was credited to a persistent diet of the breakfast cereal. . . . It's anyone's guess which way the Natalie Wood-Bob Wagner romance is blowing today. Nat is the only girl Bob has ever been really in love with, although he flipped quite a bit years ago for Debbie Reynolds, now expecting her second child with Eddie Fisher. . . . And wasn't it sad that Maria Schell, who replaced Marilyn Monroe in "The Brothers Karamazov," lost her expected child. The picture was difficult physically, and maybe Maria should have refused the role.

The Jose Ferrers need a bigger house
continued on page 8



GOINGS-ON at gala Hollywood banquet intrigue Dorothy Malone and Dick Egan.



TOGETHER again after his long sojourn abroad, Rock and Phyllis Hudson celebrate.

A GIANT GLOBE-CIRCLING B-52
WHOSE FLAMING JETS FUSE
TOGETHER THE STRANGEST

BOMBERS B-52

ASSORTMENT OF
PASSIONS AND
CONFLICTS SINCE
'THE HIGH AND
THE MIGHTY'!



A deeply personal story of mounting tension
non-stop from California to Africa and back!

STARRING

NATALIE WOOD

as **LOIS** - On the knife-edge of desire
between two men!

CO-STARRING

MARSHA HUNT as **EDITH** - No longer
young—but she was no longer bashful!

KARL MALDEN

as **CHUCK** - A lifetime of pride—
then one mistake!

AND PRESENTING

EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. as **HERLIHY**—
Who took chances—and other guys' girls!

FROM WARNER BROS.



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with DON KELLY • NELSON LEIGH • ROBERT NICHOLS • RAY MONTGOMERY • BOB HOVER • Screen Play by IRVING WALLACE • Story by SAM ROLFE • Produced by RICHARD WHORF • Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
Music by Leonard Rosenman

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

What with three children already, and three more to go. "Rosemary is determined to have six," Jose told me, "and she wouldn't care if she never worked again." What with motherhood and her TV show, it looks like the pleasant-faced singer won't be making many more movies. . . . Prediction—that young Susan Strasberg will win the Oscar for her repeat in "Stage Struck" of the role which won the Award for Katharine Hepburn in 1933 when it was called "Morning Glory." . . . And 1958 will be a big year for Tony Franciosa, Hollywood's brightest discovery of the year.

Cary Grant tried to hypnotize me into hating fattening foods. "Just think thin, the hate will follow," said the suave Mr. Grant, staring into my eyes. I keep thinking—but only about Cary. . . . Victor Mature has forgiven his ex-wife Dorothy for winning about \$600,000 in alimony from him and he is now very fond of an English girl, Joy Urwick, the daughter of a doctor. Vic can afford to marry again. For each of ten pictures he is receiving \$175,000 in cash, plus 25% of the profits. And all of Vic's pictures make profits.

You don't know what swimming is until you have plunged into Jayne Mansfield's sequin-trimmed pool with a full-size mosaic figure of Miss Mansfield at the bottom. From the attitude of the British press about Jayne's visit, it's hard to tell whether they have been sharpening their pencil's or scalpels. . . . From now on Tyrone Power's visits to Hollywood will be few and far between. He'll make a picture here every once in a great while—otherwise he will toil and play in New York or Europe. . . . Rain, wind or suspension, Kim Novak will be at the airport to greet Mario Bandini when he flies into New York some time near the end of December.

The stir created by the love scenes between Harry Belafonte and Joan Fontaine in "Island In The Sun" is nothing to the storm generated by the kissing and passionate love-making with German Curt Jurgens and Dorothy Dandridge in "Tomango." . . . Things I don't believe department. Maurice Chevalier's remark, that at the age of 69 he is too old to fall in love. How about Supreme Court Justice Black's recent wedding at the age of 71?

Marlon Brando's double chin was showing in "Sayonara" and he has been counting the calories ever since. Marlon's most frequent date of late has been India's gift to Hollywood, pretty actress Anna Kashfi. . . . Caused quite a flurry when Lucille Ball took off suddenly for the East with her children but minus husband Desi Arnaz. Her associates explained it was "nothing serious, she and Desi often argue, but this marriage is solid." . . . Clark Gable's second wife, Rhea, has finally sold the home in Bel-Air she has owned for more than 20 years. It was rented to a Hollywood producer for 19 years. Rhea lives in Houston, Texas—not too far from Hedy Lamarr. . . . Fast rising star Jock Mahoney was furious when his producer wouldn't allow him to perform his own stunts in "Money, Women, And Dreams." "I allowed him to fall off a 42-foot cliff in our last picture," the producer told me, "but he's too valuable now to risk." Jock was once a stunt man.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh are keeping their fingers crossed that the next baby will be a boy. Ditto Grace Kelly and Her Prince Rainier. But Gregory Peck with four boys, has put in an order for a girl. . . . Sophia Loren is provided with a bodyguard by her husband-by-proxy Carlo Ponti. I hope they can straighten out their confused marital status for Sophia wants to settle down and raise a family. . . . Evelyn Keyes' history-making remark after marriage to



FILM newcomer Carolyn Jones steps out with her hubby, TV writer Aaron Spelling.

Artie Shaw—her fourth, his eighth—"I like getting married. My middle name is optimistic." She took it hard when Mike Todd, her boyfriend of several years, suddenly took off and married Elizabeth Taylor. But all's well that ends in marriage—I hope.

Two couples who I'm told will never divorce—the Laurence Oliviers and the Roberto Rossellinis. Actually, it was Ingrid Bergman's idea that Roberto should accept the offer to make pictures in India. And I believe that Olivier will always be head over heels in love with Vivien Leigh. She hasn't been very well, but Larry is a patient man. . . . Which reminds me, Marilyn Monroe is again consulting doctors about the possibility of successfully bearing a child. She has always wanted a family and I hope she gets it—especially if the girls look like her. . . . Stewart Granger is another top star to leave MGM where the only biggie still under contract is Robert Taylor. He's been a star for Leo the Lion for 21 years. But nowadays, there is more television being shot on the major lots than motion pictures. Which is rather sad. . . . Zsa Zsa's lovely remark—"I have never hated a man so much that I would insult him by returning his jewelry." . . . Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Jenny Ann, has arranged to spend all of her vacation next year with her mother in Europe. And this is fine with Rossellini's nephew—Franco.

The producers in Hollywood offering Kay Kendall fabulous pictures are wasting their time. She will not leave husband Rex Harrison, not even to play Scarlett O'Hara all over again in "Gone With The Wind." Rex was still married to Lilli Palmer when Kay's beautiful orbs lighted on him—or vice versa—when they were filming, "The Constant Husband." So she will remain with him in New York and England for just as long as he lends his fascination to "My Fair Lady," which ought to be a bigger

continued on page 74



BRITISH star Glynnis Johns is besieged by autograph fans at a Hollywood premiere.



EARLY arrivals at a glittering opening are Charlton Heston and his wife Lydia.

**SHE WANTED
BREAKFAST IN BED**
*...but she didn't
want to eat alone!!!*



The
scandalous
saga of
an actress,
a mistress,
a matron,
and a maid..
and a butler
with a
*very subtle
bottle!*

FROM BOUDOIR TO BASEMENT HE WAS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE!



JUNE ALLYSON **DAVID NIVEN**
MY MAN **GODFREY**
CINEMASCOPE *in Eastman* **COLOR**



co-starring **JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS**
EVA GABOR • JAY ROBINSON

ROBERT KEITH
JEFF DONNELL and MARTHA HYER



Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Screenplay by **EVERETT FREEMAN, PETER BERNEIS and WILLIAM BOWERS** • Based on the screenplay
by **MORRIE RYSKIND and ERIC HATCH** and on the novel by **ERIC HATCH** • Produced by **ROSS HUNTER**

A Universal-International Picture

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ Mystery girl in Anthony Perkins' life?
- ★ Fun-loving Joan Collins on a "prim" kick



DINING a deux, Ronald Reagan and wife Nancy are the picture of domestic bliss.

SIS FOR CARRIE?—Debbie Reynolds admits Eddie Fisher hopes their second baby is a boy, but she'd be happy if it's a girl so Carrie Frances, who celebrated her first birthday in October, would have a sister as a playmate. Besides, Debbie had a flock of pretty girl-type baby clothes, given to Carrie, which the toddler hasn't worn! Well, boy or girl, the littlest Fisher will arrive around May. Meantime, Debbie guest-starred on Eddie's first show of his new TV series and finished "For Love Or Money."

SPEAKING OF MONEY—Debbie further admits she's grateful Leslie Nielsen was her leading man in "Tammy And The Bachelor" instead of Tony Curtis. Shocked? Well, here's the story. Originally Tony was to do the role and Debbie was to sing the folk song "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" to Tony in the film. When Tony was assigned to another picture, Leslie got the lead, but he's a blond and the song would have been silly. U-I commissioned Jay Living-

ston and Ray Evans to write an original song. It was "Tammy." Debbie recorded it. The platter sold more than a million and Debbie's royalties will amount to more than her film salary! So that's why she's grateful Leslie got the role.

GRATEFUL, TOO—And Leslie is also happy he made "Tammy" because that really got his career in high gear. He has it made now and goes into "Sheepman" with Glenn Ford. Meantime, his divorce is final and he's steady dating Sandy Ulman, a pretty secretary at MGM. They say they have no wedding plans. But Leslie gave her a handsome pearl ring. It's not been on Sandy's engagement finger but don't be surprised if she switches it there soon.

SINGIN' IDOL—It didn't take Tommy Sands long to "discover" Lili Gentle after they started co-starring in "The Singin' Idol." But Lili also dates Nick Adams who's in the same cast! Tommy says "Going steady is a fine idea, but not for

me. I've got to concentrate on work and it wouldn't be fair for me to kid a girl. I'm not ready for marriage." He's 20. This is Tommy's first movie and he's really working. He appeared in all the tests with the many girls considered to play his co-star, and was happy to, because he wanted camera experience. Lili has to continue school at the studio for another year because she's only 17. When we lunched with Tommy he ordered "green salad, a small piece of American cheese and crackers." The studio commissary waitress, a motherly type, asked "How am I going to get some weight on you with a lunch like that?"

TONY'S GIRLS—In New York for the play, "Look Homeward, Angel," Tony Perkins is not tying himself up with just one girl. He's been dating Norma Moore, Elaine Aiken. There's also a "mystery girl" back there to whom, he says, he's "been engaged twice." But he won't tell her name!

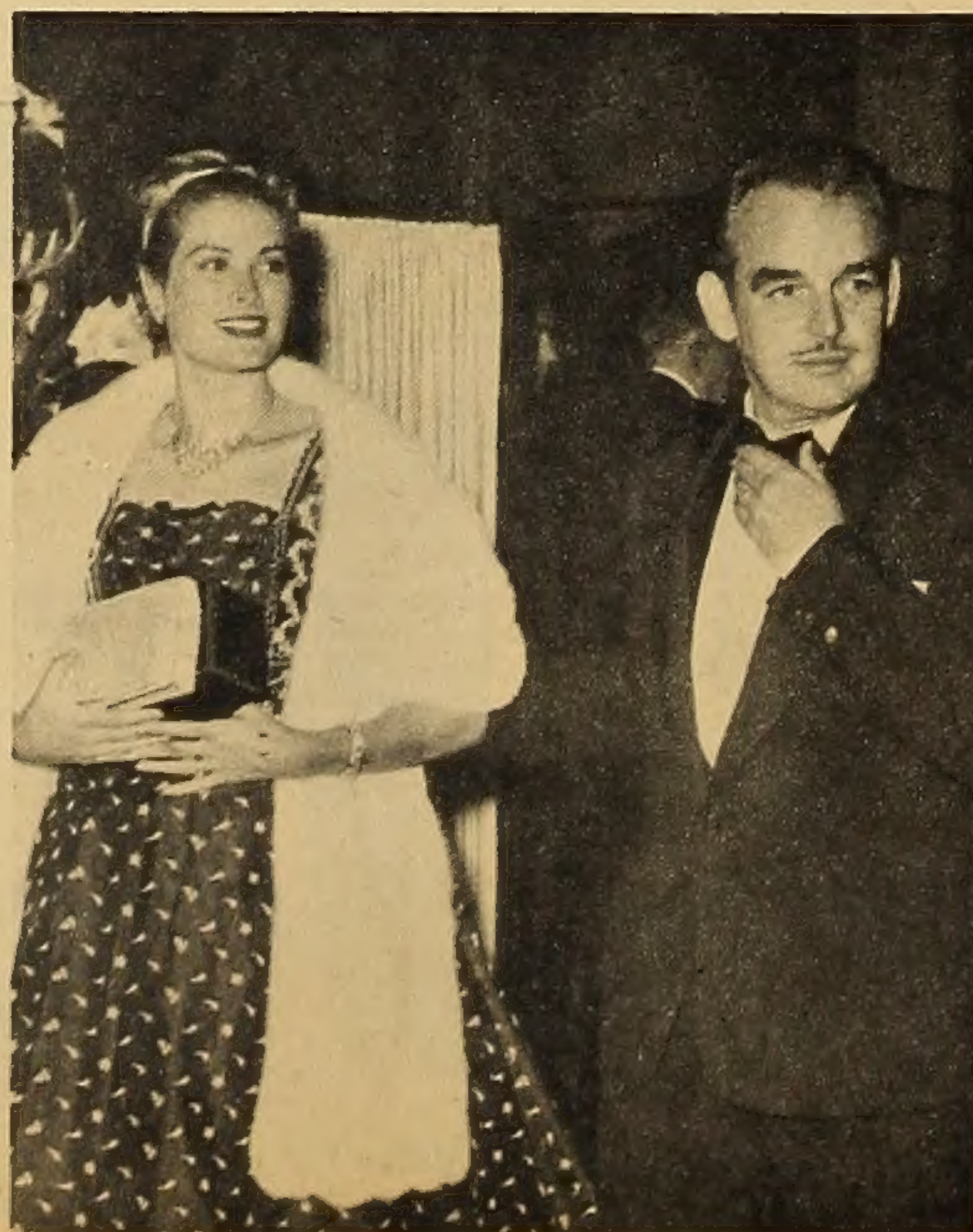
"NEW" JOAN—Although she is dating Arthur Loew Jr., Joan Collins vows that she's no closer to marriage than in the past. She thinks she's at a crucial point in her career, is going to tend to her acting and give up the night club routine that she really enjoyed. She's even on a "prim kick" and has a new wardrobe of very conservative clothes. Many of these are made from fabulous silks she brought from Japan. Joan just can't resist shopping and her big problem is closet space for her clothes.

RAISED EYEBROWS—Rick Jason and his wife are really confusing the staid hotel-keepers in England, because they always register as Rick Jason and Miss Aria Allen. Aria is a writer and Rick insists that she maintain her own identity, so she never uses "Mrs. R. J." When they were married they each legally incorporated, then gave 51 percent of the stock to the other. Aria has

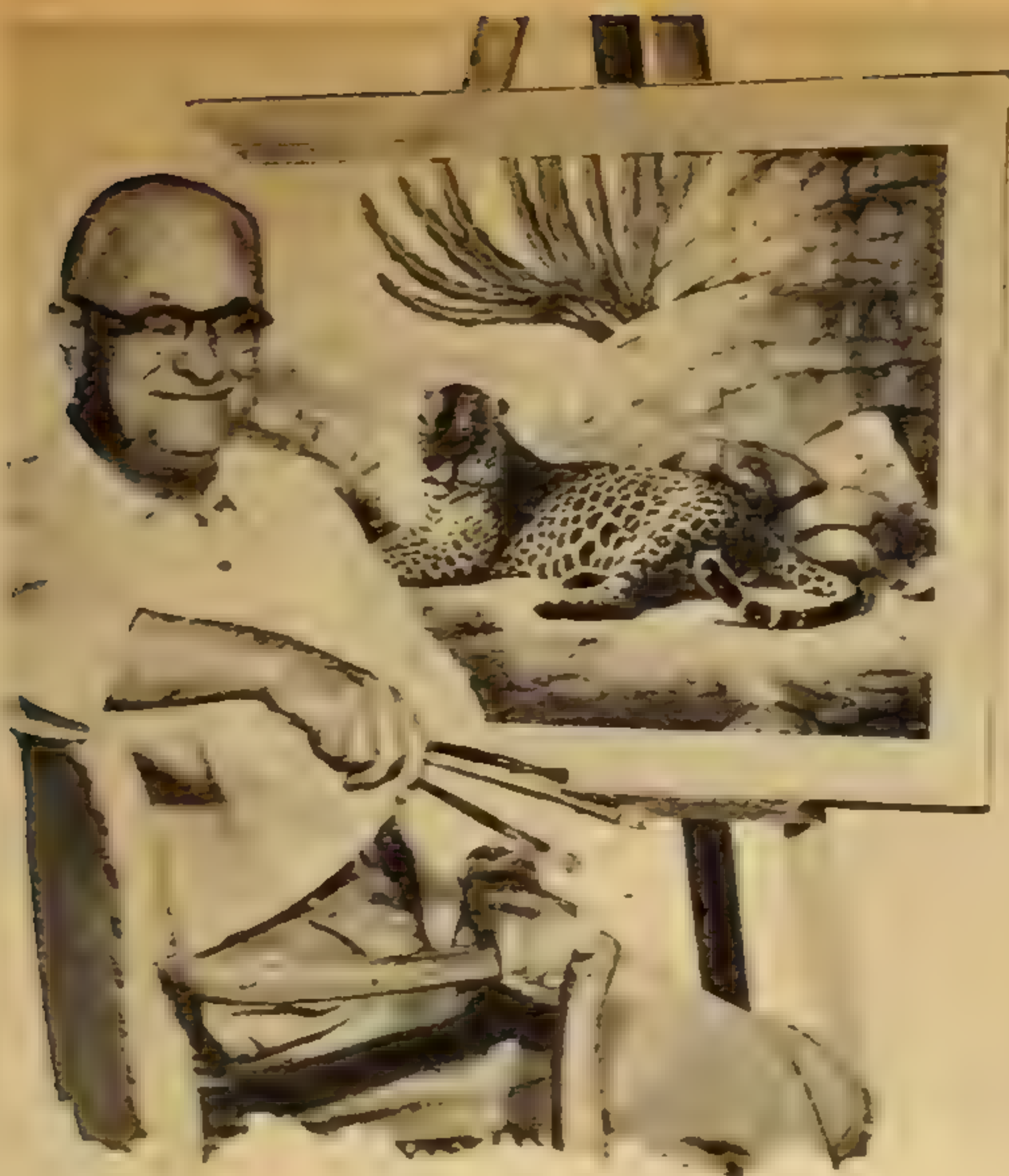
continued on page 70



THE Bob Stacks take some time out from their parental duties for a bit of diversion.



HAPPY in marriage to Prince Rainier, the former Grace Kelly awaits second child.



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Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____ Phone _____
Address _____ City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____ Occupation _____

The price Ingrid Bergman paid for love

*The heart is a lonely hunter . . . Ingrid's took her across
an ocean to a world of happiness she had
never known and pain she could not have imagined*

INGRID BERGMAN once made a remark that caused much laughter in Rome. "I've kissed Humphrey Bogart," she said, "but I don't know him." She could now say as much for Roberto Rossellini, the flamboyant, nearly-bald Italian movie-making genius who was also a genius at making love. The man for whom she had abandoned husband, child and home, in a love affair that had left half the world gasping, had now abandoned her.

The "good life together" is all but over, as Ingrid in her heart must know. She has already told friends that she is determined never to divorce the father of seven-year-old Robertino and the twins, five-year-old Isabella and Ingrid, and not to live in Rome. "The next chapter of my life," she said, "will have a London setting."

Now, for the first time, Ingrid Bergman is aware that she really never knew her husband, though she kissed him and loved him, bore his children and suffered obloquy for him. Like Joan of Arc, her favorite saint who was immolated in the flames of her fervor, Ingrid Bergman is again immolated at the blazing stake of love.

Those who know the inside Bergman story say it was not her unchecked impulses that brought her unhappiness, but the world's belief that she was a saint who could do no wrong.

"For years in California," she once said, "I was noble and good, I was always the girl in 'Intermezzo.' Then I rebelled. I'd been restless in Hollywood for a long time. I was bored and I was tired—and I had to make a break."

Rossellini stormed into her life, thawing the Viking maiden whom most men saw only with a halo around her head. Other men had treated her like bric-a-brac, but Ingrid Bergman, who all her adult life had cried, "I'm not a saint, I'm a woman," saw in Roberto Rossellini a man who could be very tender, but earthy too. He had the animal magnetism that always attracted women

continued on page 16

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN





SO NEAR and yet so far away is the time when the Rossellinis were a happy couple. Left: Ingrid's daughter, Jenny Ann, with step-sister Isabella.

Separated from Roberto by the career that once brought them together, Ingrid fills the void with a social whirl

("He isn't just a man," sighed his former love, Anna Magnani, "he's a hurricane"), and Ingrid, lonely and unhappy for too long, had found him warm and outgoing. "For the first time," she said, "I don't feel shy or awkward or lonely."

She remembered the icy coldness of Dr. Peter Lindstrom, whom she had married in Sweden when she was only 20. She had met him first when she was 17; he was nine years older than Ingrid and she thought him quite an old man. Later, when she and Lindstrom lived in Hollywood, she had liked lots of company, but she could not have it.

"Peter knew I enjoyed the companionship of other men," she once confessed to a friend. "But he paid little attention to it, because it was always a fleeting enthusiasm for this one or that one. He would often say that no man gave his wife more

freedom. That was true, but I was always free *away from* him and not *with* him."

She remembered, too, the time she had invited author John Steinbeck to their house. "When I saw him again several months later, I shall never forget what he said about that evening. 'I was never so cold as when Dr. Lindstrom came into the room,' he said. 'Suddenly, I found myself shivering. I looked up, and sure enough, there were icicles forming on the ceiling.'"

So there had been the forbidden game of hearts, the paradise on the lava slopes of Stromboli. There had been the child born out of wedlock, the bitter struggle to wrest a divorce from Dr. Lindstrom, while newspapers served up the torrid "Bergman-Rossellini romance" piping hot. But now, seven years after that "strange sort of marriage" (Ingrid and Rossellini had had to be married by proxy, in Mexico), there was once more a price to pay for love.

Of the rumors before—repeated rumors—Ingrid Bergman had laughed and said, "People are always trying to get Roberto and me divorced." This time, though, Rossellini had been in India for months, making a documentary film; and already the headlines screamed that Roberto, who liked to drive his white Ferrari over icy roads "like the hammers of hell," had found in India a new and younger love, a 27-year-old beauty, Sonali Das Gupta.

She is the wife of Hindu film producer Hari Das Gupta, the mother of two children—soft, melting-eyed, exotic and willowy, the greatest possible contrast to the strong and towering Bergman whom Roberto had left behind in France. Sonali, it appeared, had been led down the garden path before. As a school-girl, she had fallen in love with her art teacher, a man 52 years old, because she felt that he could make her a great artist. She and the man had eloped to a seaside resort; they had remained there until Sonali's family found them and dragged them back to Bombay.

Rossellini, forgetting that he had told the press, "I have known women all over the world, but never anyone like Sonali," called all the rumors "nonsense" and "untrue." Ingrid admitted that she hadn't heard from her husband in weeks, yet she branded the headlines as "terribly false." In early summer she had said, "Soon I am returning to our villa in Santa Marinella. My husband will join me there when he finishes the film he is making in India." But Ingrid stayed on in Paris, while Rossellini remained in India.

EVEN while Ingrid was facing the tormenting press, crying "I lead a good life with my husband, and I'm content in a way that I never was in Hollywood," that husband in still another mood, told reporters, in Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel, "that he was an honorable man, that he would work things out, that he would divorce Ingrid and marry Sonali."

When he was asked, "Do you not realize that the women of the world would consider you a Dracula if you caused your wife any further heartbreak?" Rossellini, sipping his Scotch and water, merely smiled. "I know my wife," he said. "She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. Remember, she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her. And we have had a good life together."

There had grown up in Hollywood, in Ingrid's other life, a kind of phoney, untouchable legend that made her a plaster saint and the First Lady of Hollywood. Rebellious, she told a friend, "I cannot understand why people think I'm pure

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ATTENDING a party for Laurence Olivier, Ingrid appears as radiant as ever. If there is a shadow, the public doesn't see it.



"NOT TO act," Ingrid once said, "is the same as not to breathe." But her friends have said that she works just to keep life going.

DINING with friends, Ingrid tries to forget that her life is being torn apart by ugly divorce rumors which she hotly denies.





RECONCILED, Ingrid and Jenny Ann, the daughter the world had condemned her for deserting, vacationed happily together.



and full of nobleness. Every human being has shades of good and bad in him."

It was true that in America Bergman was the Palmolive Garbo who was like the girl next door—if you lived in Heaven. Hard-veined, soft-souled gentlemen of the press went into hypnotic silences after meeting her, or wanted to roll over like a cocker spaniel, hoping "she would stir you with her toe."

There was indeed a time when she and the frequently-susceptible Gary Cooper had been seen together off the set, while they were working in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." There had been, it was rumored, quiet dinners in dim-lit restaurants; walks, hand-in-hand, down shadowy Beverly Hills streets; whispered laughter in corners far from the cameras. Friends, for a time, feared the breakup of *two* marriages. Then, somehow, this had passed; and later, when a gossip columnist hinted in print that another of Miss Bergman's co-stars was in love with her, that co-stars as well as scores of other men—directors, producers, writers, even cameramen—put their names to a manifesto in which they eagerly insisted, "We are *all* in love with her."

It was the effect that the pre-Stromboli Bergman had on everyone. Once, a magazine writer went to her friends, her co-workers, even waiters in her favorite eating places, asking, "Do you know anything bad about Bergman?", then had gone to Ingrid herself to ask in desperation, "Haven't you ever done anything bad? Are you perfect?"

But with those luminous eyes of hers, she could look like a saint, or like her idol, Joan of Arc. One masculine Bergman addict emerged from a showing of "Notorious" to display what was then the typical male reaction. He had watched her in that famed "telephone scene" where Cary Grant is in her apartment in a South American city, taking a call from his boss. The boss demanded that he report to headquarters at once. While Grant was at the phone, Miss Bergman pressed her cheeks against his, nuzzled his ear lobes, whispered tender words of love. Just the same, when the phone conversation ended, Grant heeded the call of duty.

Said the Bergman addict, shaking his head, "I wouldn't have left her at a time like that, script or no script."

YET with her husband, Dr. Lindström, there had been no real happiness—not for a long time. Three years before Ingrid met Rossellini, she had already asked Lindström for a divorce. He refused. A friend said, "Lindström was a good man, but there was something of the dictator about him. He insisted on managing all of Ingrid's business affairs. Sometimes he even howled about his wife's clothing bills, though she had helped finance his training as a neuro-surgeon."

Ingrid herself declared later: "I didn't dare make a decision without his permission."

This was when no actress in the world was drawing more people into movie houses than Ingrid Bergman. In one year alone, three of her pictures grossed \$18,000,000. Yet at home, Ingrid had to eat her beloved chocolates in secret because she knew Lindström wouldn't like it. Even ten-year-old Pia knew who was boss. One day Ingrid told Pia she could go to the movies. Pia looked up at her with a twinkle in her eye. "What's the use of *you* telling me," she said. "You know very well I have to wait for *Papa's* permission."

"Pia is a very observing child," Ingrid was to say. "She made a smart observation in court when she said that her Mama was always bored at home; that Mama would get tired of sitting by the pool, and be glad when she could get away."

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and Ingrid faced her future very much alone



ALONE much of the time now, Ingrid has said, "The wind blows this way and that and in life you have to take what it gives you."

"The things we did last summer"



DASH for the water at Bayville, L. I., finds Ina in the lead with Sal in close pursuit. After the swim, Sal offers Ina a drag on his cigarette.

*Sal will remember all winter long
the date he had with lovely Ina Balin
when blue skies and a warm sun
made for a wondrous outdoor idyl*

photos by A. L. Goldman





BASKING in the sun, his date nearby, Sal hasn't a care in the world. He's currently starring in Columbia's "The Young Don't Cry."
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Good times still fresh in Sal's memory are now a happy part of his picture album to be relived again and again during the year long



ROMPING on the beach with his younger sister, Sarina, Sal grabs for the ball. He also has two older, non-acting brothers.

FULL SPEED ahead as Sal lets out the throttle of his motorboat to Ina's obvious satisfaction.



A DUNK in the water and Sal and Ina are all smiles. Sal met Ina when she visited set of a film he was making in Hollywood.





SITTING on the prow of Sal's boat, "Dino," named after his recent film, Ina and Sal have eyes only for each other. And next summer? **END**



photos by John R. Hamilton, Globe

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

A PHONE CALL TO NATALIE

*What's new at the Wood
girl's house? Well,
we put through a call to
find out and what
happened at the other
end is mad, mad, mad*



WEARY at the end of a long dance lesson, Natalie is very glad to call it a day.

NATALIE WOOD sounded breathless, as she nearly always does these days, when she answered the phone.

"Oh, we *are* going to talk about my role in 'Marjorie Morningstar,' aren't we? You know it has meant so much to me and I fought so hard to get it. . . ."

"Certainly we are. Now, tell me, what special preparations are you making . . . ?"

Natalie broke off with, "Oh, do excuse me a moment! It's Nick Adams. He's just arrived and wants to show me his award . . . I haven't seen it yet . . . just a minute. . . ."

There was a male voice and then confused sounds and a great deal of chatter and laughter and then Natalie came back to the phone.

"It's his very first award, you know, and it's a good one. The Pierre Award from the United Fan Clubs of America,

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ASTRIDE gym horse, Natalie thoroughly enjoys a 10-minute break in her arduous dance lessons for "Marjorie Morningstar."

JOIE de vivre is written all over Natalie's pert face as camera captures her reflection in the wall mirror.

and I don't know why he has taken so long to come over to show it to me. It's a sort of 'Little Oscar,' you know, and means he is a favorite personality.

"Is *he* excited! And so he should be. He's shouting for champagne. But he'll have to settle for Cokes. And snacks. We always have to feed that Nick Adams. What a hungry man. Ooops!"

The "Ooops!" I gathered, slightly later, was due to the fact that the toy poodle who is "never allowed outside," *was* outside and was digging up a petunia. And the Weimaraner seemed to be fighting with something or someone.

"Well what became of Nick?" Natalie inquired, plaintively. "Couldn't he have stopped all this? Or is he still eating? Where were we . . . ? Oh, 'Marjorie Morningstar.'"

"Well, I'm spending nearly every waking hour on dancing lessons and dramatic lessons . . . it's just endless . . . and so very exciting . . ."

There was silence and I felt that I had lost her again. After a few minutes, the breathless Wood voice returned.

"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to rush off. But the bullfight painting for my bedroom has arrived. You know about my room, don't you? It's all black and white and chrome, very modern and very severe. And Dabbie Oppenheimer has done this wonderful bullfighting picture for me which will cover one wall. It's not a mural. It's a real painting and will be framed all in black.

"The dramatic moment . . . that death moment, you know, with all that wonderful flow of color and movement . . . the cape . . . the man . . . the sun. I guess it's what you call 'the moment of Truth.'"

"I went to my first bullfight a year or so ago when I went to Mexico City for the opening of the Hilton Hotel there . . . and I've been to the fights in Tijuana a couple of times since. And I've had them *explained* to me, what everything means. Every move, every phase of the fight is symbolic of something important in human lives. It's all so colorful and so dramatic.

"I don't mean that I would like to try fighting bulls, myself, as a lot of girls have done. I'd just like to understand it and I do like to look at it.

"Warner LeRoy gave me a lot of bullfighting posters, too, to put on the other walls of my room and I have a huge ceramic figure of a bull which I bought myself and thought



a seriousness, which reflect her new eminence as the star of Warners' "Marjorie Morningstar"



TIME OUT for eye make-up. "*Morningstar* is the most important part and the most challenging one that has ever come my way."

I'd put on the coffee table. Only now I discover that he's much too big for the coffee table . . . when he's up there, no table! So I'll have to find something else to do about him.

"Then," she went on, contentedly, "Nick Adams gave me a divine lion skin rug with a mounted head and I haven't found out just where I'm going to put that. But it's beautiful. And I have about fifty stuffed tigers and things to strew around. You know about me and my stuffed tigers, don't you? That I collect 'em?"

I assured her that everyone must know about the stuffed tigers by now but she was going happily on.

"Lance Reventlow sent me a real bullfighter's cape from Madrid. A matador's cape. It's all ivory satin and it's red satin inside and embroidered all over with sequins and it should have an important place . . . only it's so big . . .

"Wha—at? Oh, I think it's my kid sister, Lana, and her play-reading class. But I do want to tell you that, despite everything that's been written about it, I do *not* have a big suite in this new house. Nor do I have 'my own private entrance.' I have a bedroom, sitting room, bath and a nice,

mirrored dressing room. Pink mirrors. A TV set, a hi-fi set and two telephones. That's all.

"Will you please excuse me a second while I talk to Lana about the play-reading . . ."

She was back in a moment, suppressing giggles. "I shouldn't laugh," she said, seriously, "because they are really very earnest about all this and I am very proud of them. But today they are doing 'The Member Of The Wedding' and Lana is playing the Julie Harris part . . . you know, the little girl . . . and she is *also* playing the Ethel Waters role! She's only 11, you know, and it's quite an assignment . . ."

Natalie then essayed the (to me) impossible role of trying to talk to me on the phone while still listening to the young fry's "reading class."

"Sometimes," she confided, in a whisper, "they kid the whole thing. Other times they take it seriously and 'ham it up' all over the place. I think this is a 'hamming it up' day. I think Lana is very good in the Julie Harris role, but as Ethel Waters . . . !

"I don't want to laugh when they're trying so hard and

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Will Tony

Tony's fresh approach to humor

TONY'S afraid of being typed. But who else could make an amusement park a comedy of terrors?

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

ON THE screen, Tony Randall was a sensation as the average man—Hollywood's improbable version in Technicolor—bullied, baited by Fate, a pawn of coincidence and the dupe of happenstance. A few hundred assorted critics have called him, in one style or other, the "funniest young comic to descend on Hollywood in a decade."

Taller (he's 5' 10½"), slimmer and younger looking than in pictures, his age has been given variously as 33, mid-30's and just plain born February 26. He's a fascinating mixture of reserve and frankness. Almost unbelievably cooperative, he still can draw a taut line occasionally. He'll tell a columnist he wears nothing but a little mentholatum in his nose when he goes to sleep, then bridle when asked his wife's birthplace.

From the moment we waded through the lobby carpeting where Randall lives in New York, it was clear he was a very special person indeed. Even the elevatorman takes a keen interest in his famous tenant. "Mrs. Randall is out," he clipped when asked for the Randall apartment. The atmosphere in the small elevator was positively distrustful. All the way up you felt sinister. When the elevator door whooshed closed, there we were in a small private hallway leading to two apartments—Randall's was the one on the right.

At his door, Randall, wearing gray flannels and a blue shirt open at the collar, ordered us to wipe our feet. He really meant it, too. Stood there, barring the way until our feet were wiped.

The apartment which Randall obviously took great pride in was one of those incredibly handsome affairs. A cavernous living-room which

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Randall Spoil Success?

seems more than likely to trip the cynics and leave him riding high

photos by Tom Caffrey, Globe





A RUGGED individualist, about the only time Tony can be led around easily is on a carousel in Palisades Amusement Park.

TONY RANDALL continued *Tony's unique*

overlooked Central Park, was furnished mostly in antiques. In front of the fireplace was an arrangement of white furniture floating on an island of thick creamy carpet. The effect was elegant, and if you were inclined to nosebleeds, frightening. Randall walked boldly onto the immaculate white rug. "Come on," he invited. "You can walk on it. Now you know why I asked you to wipe your feet.

"Florence (Mrs. Randall) went to the dentist. She hates to be around when I'm being interviewed. Just being mentioned in print upsets her," Randall replied.

As far as Randall is concerned, his marriage is something apart from his professional life. He's happily married and thinks that's all that should concern the public.

"You can say this, though," he offered a sacrifice on the altar of publicity, "Florence worked as a schoolteacher, then as a model to support me while I was studying to be an actor." Actually, by a brief figuring out of times and dates, Mrs. Randall probably didn't have to support her talented spouse too long.

After graduating from Tulsa High School, Oklahoma-born Randall enrolled in Northwestern University. It was there he met and married his wife. While studying speech, he became overwhelmed by the possibilities of drama.

He quit school after a year and headed for New York. A year later, in 1941, he made his stage debut in "A Circle Of

HOLDING ON to the roller coaster for dear life, Tony soars down. His career, on the other hand, has done nothing but rise.



personality is a curious combination of naive nonsense and urbane wit

Chalk." During the following years, he was a radio announcer then branched out into a radio actor. His ether credits sound like the large economy-sized box of soap opera: "Portia Faces Life," "My True Story," and "Light Of The World." His movies have been less sudsy—"Oh Men, Oh Women," "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" and the latest rocker, "No Down Payment."

Do you like opera?" he asked politely. To someone whose music appreciation stopped at the Guy Lombardo version of the Toreador Song, this might have been an embarrassing question had Randall waited for a reply. Instead he selected something from his private stock of Italian opera records and put it on the hi-fi.

"Listen to this." We listened. Randall seemed transported. "I haven't got it on the right volume," he excused. "Music is an expression of deep emotion and should come at you so loud the walls vibrate."

WHEN the record ended, Randall reluctantly shut off the set. Then he hurled out a pretty good snatch of what, we had just heard. Earlier, he had polished off a few dance steps. "I take singing lessons, not for anything special, mostly because I like to—not that I'd mind doing a musical." He's all set. At one time, he had studied movement with the great dancer, Martha Graham, but these days he keeps

at 160 pounds by more rugged, if not as artistic, activities.

"Twice a week, I work out at a Health Club." Randall leaned back comfortably in the white sofa, large enough to double as a luxury yacht, and studied the toe of his hand-sewn moccasin. "In movies you look 10-20 pounds heavier, and with the wide screen—seriously—it's murder. So now, I weight-lift to keep in trim.

"Aside from weight-lifting, honestly, I'm not very athletic," he admitted. "No one could call me the All-American type. Hate sports—especially baseball. Wouldn't own a car, even though it's supposed to be healthy to be car-conscious. I don't like hunting, fishing, and think dogs should be kept outdoors. I dress plainly and don't go in for fads. I like collecting modern paintings, drinking expensive bourbon, eating steak and making love."

Once he felt he had the course plotted and safely steered his personal life away from the shoals of inquisitive eyes, conversation careened along. A lecturer at the Museum of Modern Art couldn't coax your appreciation more than Randall exhibiting his modern paintings. He went from picture to picture, turning on the lights and praising each one like a parent showing off the occupants of the nursery.

Outside the room where he keeps most of his memorabilia that had been collected over a period of years, we had paused to get a closer look at one of the Persian prints on

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THE BIGGER they are, the harder they fall . . . Tony shoots at the sitting ducks but his favorite target is any kind of phony.



Tony resents being called a comic, "I'm not a comedian, I'm an actor. Don't you think I even look like an actor?" he pleads

the hall wall. Randall's quick warning froze our eyes. "Look if you want," he invited, "but I think it's better to let you know what to expect." It was the sort of picture friends send from Paris which is exactly how Randall had gotten it. "I didn't hang it up while my mother was alive," he added.

Randall's sense of humor has a quality of detachment and making the ridiculous seem perfectly normal. Like the pair of binoculars he keeps on a delicate antique table in the living room so he can set the household clocks accurately by looking at a building, far down the avenue, that flashes on the time to the minute.

"You don't have to tell a funny story to get laughs," Randall confided, pouring more coffee. "It's being able to show the absurd behind the veneer of respectability. There's nothing funnier than a person who takes himself seriously.

"Almost all comedy that's worthwhile has its basis in knocking off top hats, pushing idols off their pedestals. I guess most people laugh because they'd do the same things if they had the opportunity. I'm always tempted in real life to knock off top hats. I've been very disrespectful most of my life, but I'm learning to control myself.

"Do you know most comics haven't got a sense of humor?" He wouldn't say which ones, but according to him, it was nothing to be alarmed about. "Very few people are born comics. A sense of humor is something that is developed like everything else." A few years back, he had discovered he could say funny things—and people would laugh. "The

more funny things I said, the more recognition people gave me. I became a funnyman."

However, he resents being called a comic. "I'm not a comedian," he insisted. "I'm an actor. Don't you think I even look like an actor?" Just so no one gets the wrong impression and expects him to appear from now on only as the sophisticated clown, Randall recalled all the serious acting he had done in the past. "What I'm looking for now is a series of roles that would allow me to grow."

FOR someone whom almost everybody describes as "one of the nicest guys . . ." Randall isn't the one to be agreeable for the sake of avoiding argument. His strongest dislikes have to do with phoniness.

"A lot of actors reach stardom through one role, and think they have it made. After that, none of them bother to prepare for any serious acting. They can't take the pains or the trouble to become the craftsmen they should. Acting is a profession a person should live up to, not use as a ticket to glamour. Perhaps I'm a fanatic on the subject and resent people like these because I, personally, had to work so hard to get where I am."

The casual impression he gives while acting in some meringue like "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" doesn't follow him home like a friendly puppy. In the posh surroundings of home, Randall manages to look the sort for whom a cracker wouldn't crumble at the wrong time. There's an unmistakable neatness and preciseness, without being fussy, that makes itself known in his thinking, appearance, and philosophy toward life. Very simply, he's satisfied the way things have been moving along.

On the surface, his life is as uncluttered as the hall closet. Large enough to house an orderly floating crap game, the only things in it are two light tan poplin raincoats and a wide-ribbed corduroy cap with leather binding on the visor.

"I'd like to wear them around town again," Randall said, trying on the cap. It still fits. "But after wearing them in 'Oh Men, Oh, Women,' I'm afraid people might think I'm showing off."

The way Randall said it, you knew right off he thought anyone who thought *that* was a ninny. "It's overnight success that spoils you," he explained. "And I sure don't qualify there. Anyway, I think it's a good idea to forget success and concentrate on trying to be good in your work."

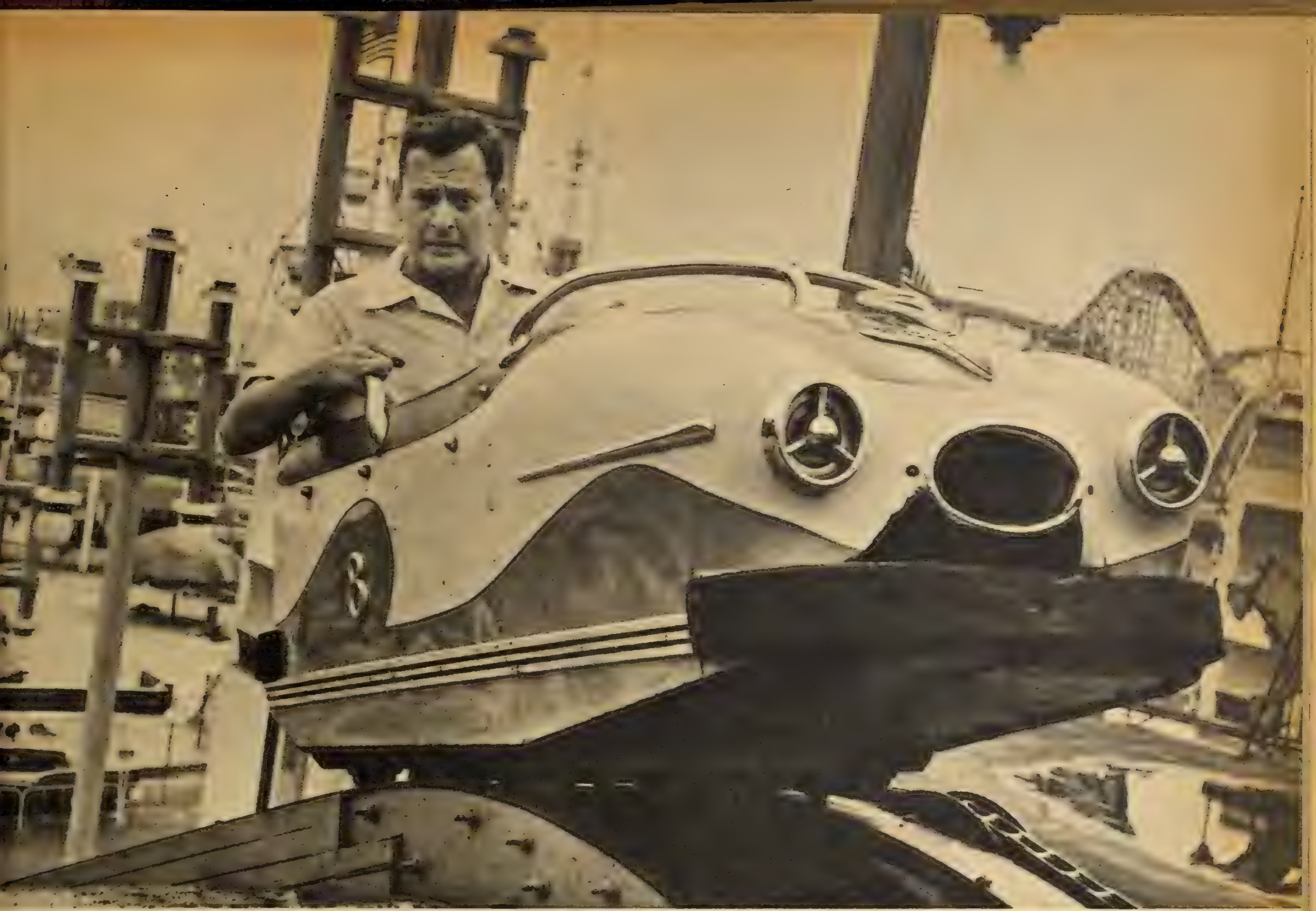
Not only has fame not spoiled him, after all, he's been fairly well known for years before Hollywood discovered him, but anyone who still rides the subway after all the fanfare, huzzahs and hoopla he's been getting these days is not only remarkable, but has unprobed depths of humility.

"That's another thing I like about this apartment, it's so close to a subway station. Which reminds me, I've a singing lesson in another few minutes. Say! Have you ever smelled really good bourbon?"

Randall brought out the bottle of bourbon and we inhaled, agreeing it smelled like an Iowa cornfield, then heeled to as Randall led us to the elevator. The elevatorman who had taken us up was out to lunch. We reached the street without incident. Overhead, Randall, like the host whose spirits are suddenly revived at seeing a trying gossip leave, was leaning out the window, waving and smiling jovially. We couldn't hear what he was saying, but you can just bet it was a dilly—it usually is when Tony Randall says it. **END**



"I HATE sports, especially baseball," he says. "No one could call me the All-American type." Tony's in "No Down Payment."



RANDALL at his ridiculous best, is one of the funniest talents to break through the celluloid barrier in a long, long time.



DORIS DAY

do - re - mi Dodo



SCANNING the score of tune she is about to record, Doris smiles approvingly. Doris began her illustrious career as a band singer.

*Singing pretty and looking pretty,
Doris brings her own brand of charm and
warmth to a studio recording session*



WAXING eloquently in recording booth, Dodo's the picture of relaxation. You'll see her soon in Paramount's "Teacher's Pet."



GOSH, it sounds good, Doris seems to be saying as she listens to playback of recording. Doesn't surprise us. **END**



WAKING UP with a smile, two-year-old Linda Lee and her daddy begin the day by exchanging bear hugs. Pat's latest is "April Love."

PAPA PAT

Pat's barely out of his teens but maintaining a happy home, a booming career and completing his education is child's play to a father of three

By MAXINE BLOCK

SEATED at the dinner table three-year-old Cheryl Lynn Boone repeated the simple grace her parents had taught her. Her bowed head brought her bangs to plate level while her pert ponytail flipped up atop her head. "Amen," she finished, raising her eyes triumphantly to her proud father seated at her side. Two-year-old Linda Lee eyed her curiously as Cherrie broke into a satisfied laugh. "I did it good, didn't I, Daddy?" Cherrie asked.

Giving thanks at mealtime is a new accomplishment for Pat Boone's oldest daughter. "I have to prompt her now and then," Pat explained. "Maybe I should teach her a shorter form. On location for 'April Love,' Walter Brennan said everything there was to say with 'Bless this food' and us that eats it."

Cherrie, an articulate little doll, according to her dad, not long ago explained to a playmate, "Our baby, Debbie, has her teeth already but her words haven't come in yet."

"When all three of them are in fine form (and that happens every day) laughing, squealing, crying, talking, singing—it's something to hear," Pat laughed ruefully. "I expect the neighbors just take to the hills. But the day Cherrie stood by the TV set wailing 'Ho-o-un-d Dog' was the most. That little doll has given us problems for a while. Watching her favorite kid programs on TV she sings along with them. One day when I was singing at a theatre Cherrie sat in the first row, and decided to help me out the same way. She's got a real slice of ham in her but she comes by it naturally, having a singing dad and granddad. Never shy, she just sang right out. And I laughed through the whole show."

Handsome Pat's hazel-brown eyes sparkled with that special gleam common to fathers when discussing Life With

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THE LAND of make-believe holds enchantment for grown-ups and children alike. Pat and his wife Shirley are no exception.

Pat's life is like a three-ring circus but he always appears relaxed as he juggles his time with an ease that an acrobat would envy

Father. His voice still has a soft hint of his Nashville origin. Singing seems to run in the Boone family for already younger brother Nick has signed a recording contract in Hollywood, using the name Todd instead of Boone. Pat sees great things ahead for 21-year-old Nick. Says Pat, "I'd been crooning to myself as I crawled around in our home in Jacksonville, Florida, as a baby, Mother tells me. And our three little dolls do the same thing. Maybe they'll be a trio like the Andrews Sisters. Or, if the new baby we're expecting in February is a girl—maybe we'll have a quartet. Ouch," he grinned.

"But honestly we do hope for a boy . . . even have a name picked out—Michael."

Pat's own parents wanted a girl and had selected Patricia for their first-born. When Pat was born they made a hasty switch to Charles Eugene on the birth certificate, but called him Pat at all other times. The 23-year-old idol of the ponytail set was full of mirth, recalling the letter Red Foley, Shirley's dad (one of the country's top Western and country singers), wrote Pat: "I'm proud of you, and I couldn't be happier about the kind of husband you've been to Shirley. But doggone it, boy, when are you going to provide me with a grandson?"

Pretty, red-brown-haired Shirley understands this desire of her dad because he had four daughters, no sons. "If the new baby isn't a boy," Shirley says, "we plan to adopt a

couple of boys later on to round out the family. From the first, Pat and I wanted a big family and we wanted them while we were young so we could all grow up together."

Bringing up a large family is complicated enough but when you are a public figure and live in a glass house, it's even more complicated. "No matter where we're living," Shirley laments, "Pat's fans surround the house, ring the doorbell and wake up the babies." Pat takes this in stride but Shirley, as mother hen to her brood of babies, sometimes finds the price of fame a little trying. "They're only babies and need lots of sleep," she explains. As soon as we get them all into bed for their afternoon naps, zing, the doorbell rings. We've even put a notice over the bell telling Pat's fans where they can send for photos but it doesn't help. The kids stand there patiently waiting to see him. And Pat, with that heavy schedule of work and a full-time college course, is scarcely ever home."

PAT'S hectic career these last few years has called for sound judgment in his marriage. And, in order to foster the essential "togetherness" and "family-mindedness" of a good marriage, Pat and Shirley take the children with them wherever they can—bottles, schedules, changes of diapers and everything.

"As soon as we arrived in Hollywood I rented a station wagon so Shirl could pile the gang in it and come to the



BOONE and his brood. Left to right: Deborah Ann, 8 mos.; Cheryl Lynn, 3, and Linda Lee, 2. Pat hopes for a boy next.





"I BELIEVE," says Pat earnestly, "that it's not the *quantity* of time a father spends with his children, it's the *quality* of that time."

studio for lunch in the commissary or visit in my dressing room. . . . You should have seen all five of us in our two-seater Corvette, going to the beach! The sardine family almost stopped traffic."

The Boones do things together because they have more fun together and really believe that "our youngsters are more exciting to be with than the most glamorous people anywhere. Every day something new turns up with those three strong individualists and we want to be there to see it if at all possible." Still, they believe that if a marriage is to be kept free from routine, boredom and monotony, "married people need to be alone to refresh their love. No matter what," says Pat, "I take Shirl out to dinner once a week. She's a fine cook but she needs to get out of the house and we both love to explore restaurants, those featuring exotic foreign foods—like Japanese or Armenian."

Because the Boones love being together, the necessary and unavoidable separations are painfully hard to bear. "Even when Pat is just going away for a day," Shirley said, "I never leave the plane without tears in my eyes. On Pat's last tour he did 36 shows in 21 cities in 18 days, traveling by chartered bus. Naturally, we couldn't go along with him. And when he went to Kentucky on location for 'April Love' I couldn't go with him either because of the coming baby. We missed each other terribly and Pat was so lonely for the children. I josh Pat by calling him 'Boy Father' because he shaves only every other day. But he is a real father."

He's also the possessor of a neat sense of humor. In Memphis, home of a certain singer, Pat was asked by a

reporter: "And do you have a fleet of Cadillacs, too?" "Nope," grinned Pat, "but I do have a fleet of baby buggies."

That "fleet" hasn't harmed the sensational singing star one whit. When young Boone jumped aboard the Success Express he was warned to soft pedal his marriage, tell his kids to get lost because "a wife and kids are quick poison for a crooner." "Bosh," said Pat.

IT'S true that Pat's hectic schedule doesn't allow him as much time with his children as he'd like. But he's always been busier than a hot dog vendor in a ball park. And the discipline Pat taught himself from early boyhood on when he was a top student, athlete, church worker, singer on radio stations, has paid off. Today he can neatly juggle 32 hours of activities into each day.

"I believe," Pat explains earnestly, "that it's not the *quantity* of time a mother or father spends with the children—it's the *quality* of that time. Haven't you seen tired, harassed mothers, victims of bad home management, who are constantly reprimanding their children? Or the other kind of mother who dutifully feeds and cares for her children but gives them nothing else? Many fathers these days are going to school and working. Their hours with their youngsters are necessarily limited. But more depends on *how* you spend your time with your youngsters than how much *time* you have to spend. I plan—but I don't always succeed—on spending those precious hours wisely."

"Shirley and I try to do things with the children that we also enjoy. Disneyland, the beach, the zoo, playing ball,

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a PERSONAL REPORT on Sophia Loren



ADMIRATION for the way Sophia works comes from Tony, her co-star in "Desire Under The Elms."

Wherein, Tony Perkins makes some astute observations about Sophia Loren and winds up by revealing a little of himself in the process

ANTHONY PERKINS wore no man's collar, least of all his own. In period costume for "The Matchmaker," he had removed it to lunch in comfort. His height is extraordinary when observed *vis-a-vis*. His bucolic, oddly moon-shaped face—for a man who is likened to Stewart and Cooper—reflected absolutely nothing. He ordered fruit salad and a cheeseburger and said gently:

"What's it about? They told me but I'm slipping."

"It's about Sophia Loren. You mind? You worked with her in 'Desire Under The Elms.' We're upstaging you a little but nobody could get to her on the lot. Not even the World Almanac."

"Why should I mind? Nice girl."

"I first met her in Rome. We were working opposite sides of the street. Literally. And I walked over one day to see her, introduced myself, and she returned the call and everything was copasetic. She's quite a simple girl really."

"Paisan type?"

"At heart, sure. Or so I'd guess. Remember, I'm not really an intimate friend. Just a co-worker in 'Desire Under The Elms.' Peasant up to a point. But not before a camera. We were doing this haystack scene. Or hay loft. You know those. Well, she not only knew what she wanted, she knew what she was going to get. Her lighting, her angles, her method of playing it. I grant you, something of me remains in the scene but I still hope the back of my head is photogenic. Actually, it was written as *her* scene so that's the way it should have been. Still it gave me a chance to see

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NEVER one to fade into her surroundings, Sophia makes her presence felt with that magnetic quality that defines a star.



how she worked. It was that way all through the picture. She never argued. When she didn't like what was happening to her, she floated away on Cloud 9. She was there but she wasn't if you know what I mean. And I mean this in a good way—a professional way. She's just willful, that's all. I admire her for it."

"How about with the crew?"

"How was Sophia with the crew?"

"Uh-huh. Haughty? One of the kids? We're just panting for some sidelights."

"She wasn't either. I'll tell you about that. Some stars make a very large thing of glad-handing the crew. It's a kind of inverse snobbery. It isn't necessary and the crew isn't asking for it. These people are red-hot technicians and they don't give a hoot for stars to make a fuss over them. The stars are just ordinary people to them. After all, they see them at their worst as well as their best. Anyway, Sophia wasn't phony about it. She did her job and let them do theirs. Don't let that loved-by-the-crew bit fool you. Nine times out of ten, it's a phony or a plant."

"But she did get along with them."

"Sure she did. She got along with everybody."

Enter cheeseburger. With the cheeseburger came a menu and a request for an autograph. Perkins studied it curiously, read the other signatures, and seemed to print his.

"You ever date her?" asked the interrogation department.

"I tried. No story. I asked her one night after shooting if she'd care to go to a premiere. She was very nice: said no, that in Hollywood she only planned to go out with mixed groups. And that's all she did, far as I know. Honestly, you're dealing with quite a simple person here, a very lovely, non-complex woman. We'll have to stretch."

"Stretch, then. You're the one who knows her, I don't."

WELL, all this about the jewels and the furs. Sure she buys 'em and wears them and loves them. If you'd had a childhood like hers, you would, too. That's why I say she's not peasant head to foot. There's a lot of compensating to do. And she does it. I have a feeling she wants to live and work in Hollywood but I can't prove it. I mean, I can't prove a preference over Rome. But I feel it. I sense it."

That childhood's been pretty well chronicled by now. The scrawny, hungry little girl they called *Steccheto*, for Little Stick. The bombings of Naples and her native Pozzuoli—she was born Scicolone out of wedlock. The kindness of Allied soldiers after Axis troops had moved out. The miracle of beauty in adolescence and womanhood. The modeling, the dreams and their fulfillment, so sudden and violent and—

"She loves every minute of it," said Perkins. "She gobbles it up. Why not? It's fun to watch her. Like watching a child. She's never offensive or annoying. It must be wonderful to love it that much; not just the acting, I mean, but everything that goes with stardom."

"You don't love the—the trappings?"

"I thought this was about Sophia."

"Well, you're here. Let's give you a small supporting role."

"That's pretty nice of you, old boy. Okay, the trappings are all right." His voice was almost dead.

"No more than that?"

"No more than that. I might even say the hell with them. The stage is better."

"You want to go back to the stage?"

"Sure. Incidentally, correct something for me, will you? One of the fan books wrote that I'd very ingeniously arranged

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says: "She is a very simple girl really; when she works, she works and she can't be distracted"



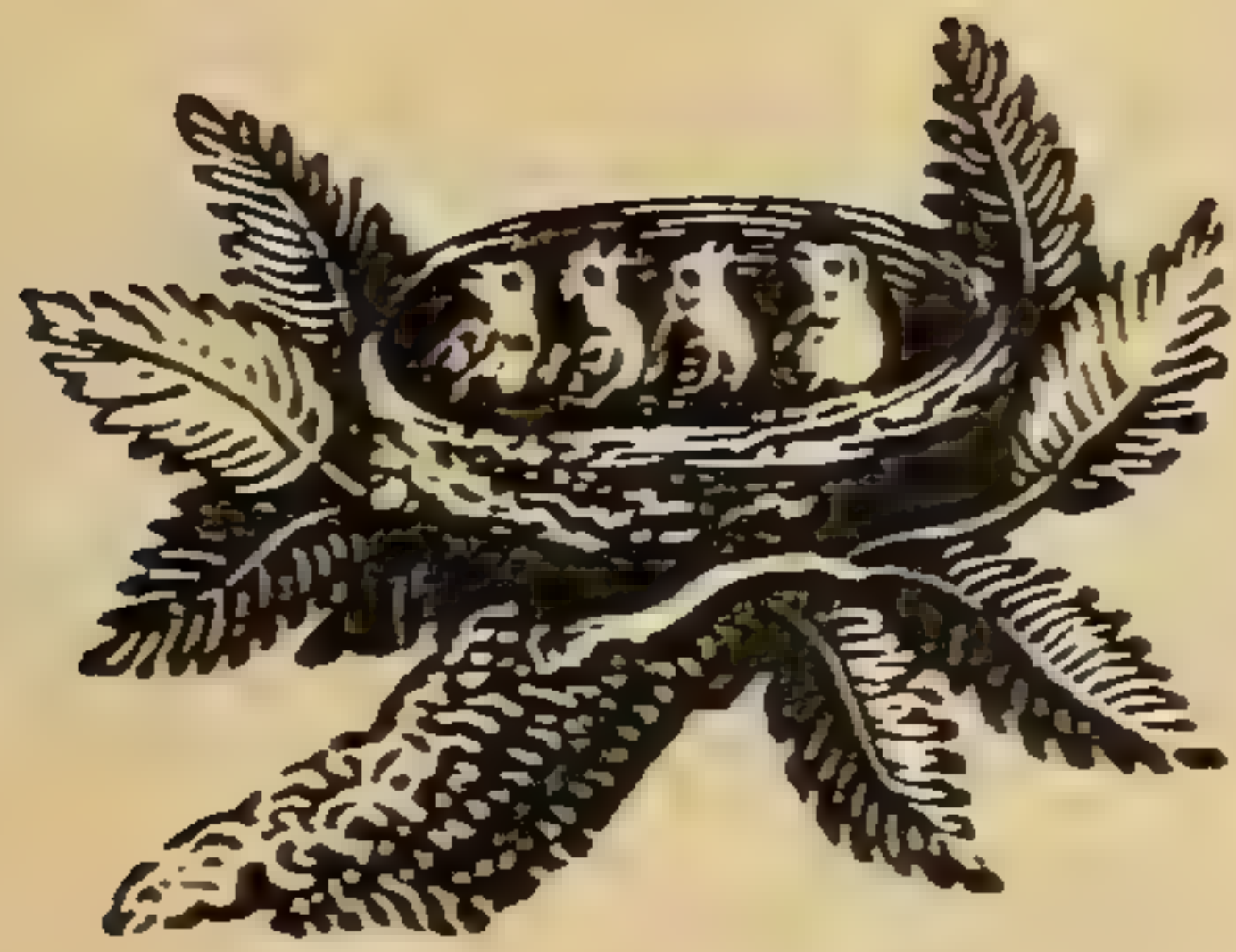
A CHILD of desire, Sophia surrounds herself with luxuries; perhaps she remembers that not long ago she was surrounded by poverty.

DON MURRAY



WEIGHING Christopher seems to be something that both father and son enjoy. Don's appearing next in "The Hell Bent Kid."

Debut for Christopher



Mr. and Mrs. Don Murray take great
pleasure in presenting to you Christopher Paton
in his first public appearance



MY SON, my son,
Don and Hope play with
Christopher after
his bath and the house
echoes with the sounds
of their laughter.



"PEYTON PLACE" is
the name of Hope's
next movie but she seems
to place this particular
"Paton" first. **END**



TAB HUNTER

With all those rumors about Tab becoming "difficult,"

*Screenland invited him to take the stand and
answer some blunt questions; here he is,*

Your Witness

SINCE June of 1951, fate in the form of a Hollywood contract has held endless challenges for Tab Hunter. Today, six and a half years later, young America's No. 1 Dreamboat stands at the crossroads of a controversial career. No one can question Tab's popularity and his growth, both personal and professional, defies scrutiny.

Tab himself, however, believes he hasn't even scratched the surface of his acting potential, so he's set his firm jaw to prove he's right—or wrong! Invariably in such cases, there are always those who question motives, criticize endeavor and misjudge the one who has the guts to fight for survival. The rumor rousers have been giving Tab a good going over, which is why we asked for his deposition in the form of playing our favorite game—"True Or False."

"Okay," Tab retaliated good-naturedly, "I'm willing to *explain*—as long as no one is lead to believe that I am trying to *complain*!"

Q. True or false, that you speak your mind and get yourself into hot water?

A. True to a degree. False to a degree. I've learned it's better if you haven't anything good to say, *not* to say anything at all. I haven't learned *not* to pull punches under certain circumstances. Just recently I turned down "Darby's Rangers" and went on suspension—off salary, that is. I could have beat around the bush and try to "charm" my way out of it. But it didn't offer me a chance to expand as an actor, which I need to do. So I said so as nicely as I know how. My decision paved the way for newcomer James Garner and this pleases me very much.

Q. True or false, that you've feuded with Natalie Wood and stated that you will never again make another picture with her?

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By JERRY ASHER



UNTROUBLED by reports making him a "controversial" figure, Tab enjoys a television show with his good friend, Bob Wagner.

A. False, but I know how this rumor got started and it's my own fault. Natalie and I made two pictures together and we had a ball. True, we argued about playing one scene in "The Girl He Left Behind"—and had dinner together the same night. When these pictures made money, someone came to me and said the studio was going to make us a permanent team. "You mean like Mutt and Jeff!" I cracked and this was *supposed* to be a joke. The next day it was all over town that Natalie and I were at each other's throats!

Q. True or false, that your recording of "Young Love" was one of those "freak" things, which sold over one million discs on the strength of your popularity with the fans?

A. True, and God bless their loyal hearts. This doesn't mean, however, that I'm taking it lightly. I won't push my luck and although certain columnists predicted I've had it with my first record, "Ninty-Nine Ways," my second record hit the half-million mark. While I'm waiting to make another, I'm working very hard to improve my voice.

Q. True or false, that you're very embarrassed when "Island Of Desire," your first movie, is shown on television?

A. True, but I look at it philosophically. At the time I had never faced a camera before in my life. Outside of a school play, never had a day's acting experience. So I did the very best I could and you can't condemn a guy for that! When this picture appears on TV, I always hope that people who see it won't say, "My, isn't he terrible!" instead of,

"My, hasn't he made strides!" And if I *haven't* made strides—please show me the nearest exit!

Q. True or false, that you've earned the reputation for wanting to pick your own roles and run the show?

A. False, very false. Maybe I have the reputation, but I haven't "earned" it. After endless study and hard work, can you blame a guy for wanting roles that show what he's learned? As for running the show, even a dimwit knows it takes the combined efforts of a great many people to turn out a good picture.

Q. True or false, that no one is allowed to put on your make-up but yourself?

A. False, and this is one I've never heard before! In the first place, I hate make-up and try to avoid it whenever possible. I'll admit I won't allow the make-up department to cover the little blood vessel under my right eye. People in *real* life have blemishes and I can never understand why your face should be flawless—just because you're in the movies.

Q. True or false, that your studio is growing weary of your attitude and may allow you to "sit out" your contract?

A. I'd say false, because they gave me the co-starring role with Gwen Verdon in "Damn Yankees," the New York musical being transferred to the screen. And I've heard I'm being considered for the nephew role in "Auntie Mame," when Rosalind Russell makes a movie of her sensational stage hit in January.

LISTENING to playback of his voice at a recent recording session, Tab's thoroughly absorbed. First record was a surprise smash hit.



beginning to bloom as a romantic singer

Q. True or false, that your worst faults are eating too fast, not returning telephone calls, stubbornness and being much too impulsive?

A. True, but as long as you're putting me on the spot, let's list *all* my faults. I'm a big fat procrastinator, too. My brother Walt's wife had a new baby recently. I was so happy for him I put off writing for weeks. I hate taking back empty bottles for refunds and then my conscience bothers me when I throw them out. I bum cigarettes and I'm the brother-can-you-spare-a-dime-for-a-cup-of-coffee type. No matter who you are or what you do, I think everyone should know his job. I get impatient with people who don't.

Q. True or false, that you're self-conscious about your name and can't be kidded about it?

A. False, but I had to get over it. Today I can even kid myself. When I did a TV sketch with Jimmy Durante and Jeannie Carson, we played Tab, Glab and Drab! My friend, Clyde Kennedy, who stables my horses, calls me *Tabo*. Debbie Reynolds was the first person to call me *Taberoo*. Perry Como called me *Tabala* when I appeared on his show. I'll even answer to "Hey You" if it's good-natured, but I feel sorry for anyone who's snide about my name and can't see that I'm just trying to do the best I can like everyone else.

Q. True or false, that you're extravagant and spend money on foolish things like owning horses?

A. True, but I'm recovering. May I say I don't think horses are "foolish." I love them and they're my release from Hollywood pressures. They keep me outdoors and out of mischief. I know I shouldn't grab for the check when it isn't my party. It drives my business manager nuts, because he has me on a budget and is trying to keep me out of the poorhouse in my old age. My first trip to Europe was for business, but my second was a mistake and I should have stayed home and studied. The studio paid for my third trip. I am paying off an annuity and depositing a monthly income tax reserve.

Q. True or false, that you're a faddist who goes for such things as health food kicks?

A. True, and *why* did you have to ask me this one! When I met Gloria Swanson she recommended a wonderful place in Glendale called, "Food For Life." Everything they sell is organically grown, but I had a heck of a time getting over there. Then Venetia Stevenson and I went for that three-day juice routine and I felt like I lost a hundred pounds. The basic idea is to cleanse your system of all poisons, but at the end of the third day I dashed out for a double malt and two cheeseburgers. Then I went home and wolfed a whole jar of peanut butter. They say—you are what you eat. So now you know what I am!

Q. True or false, that you believe Hollywood actresses are spoiled babes and want no part of dating them?

A. Look mister, I'm too young to die! I'll just answer this one by saying my first date with an actress was Debbie Reynolds. There have been many equally as nice, but you can't trap me into telling about the one who was furious when we didn't get a ringside table. She insisted I tell the head waiter who I was. Well *who* am I—I wanted to know—and I haven't seen her since!

Q. True or false, that you weren't as wide-eyed as you pretended to be and were just acting naive while you were learning to act?

A. False. What comes *below* greenhorn? When I went to Jamaica to make "Island Of Desire," they told me all expenses were paid. So I was a big man and kept buying drinks for everyone. Then I was handed a bar bill for \$250,

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CHECKING signals with pianist (above) or discussing the score (below), Tab's all business. He'll star in film "Damn Yankees."



"The Dark Garbo"

That's what they're calling the Italian star whose artistry—and passion for privacy—rivals the silent Swede's; but when did La Garbo ever kiss a lamb?

photos by Bill Avery



PERCHED on a crate, Magnani smiles between scenes of "Wild Is The Wind," a Hal Wallis-Paramount picture.

CLASPING hands with director George Cukor, right, and assistant Mickey Moore, Magnani signifies all is well.



TENDER kiss is bestowed on lamb by earthy Anna Magnani while on location in Nevada.
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ANNA MAGNANI continued

*Her expressive features convey
torment, joy and whimsy
as Anna Magnani bids for another "Oscar"
award in "Wild Is The Wind"*



MOODS of Magnani range from anguish, left, to joy, above, in love triangle involving Anthony Quinn and Anthony Franciosa.



HOUSEWIFE drudgery evokes humor from Magnani, but she finds her husband's devotion to his dead wife less than funny. **END**



ACTING with each other is fun, but Debbie and Eddie confess it is hard to work together all day without stress and strain.

Debbie and Eddie's Dilemma

*Is too much at stake for Debbie and Eddie
to continue making films together?*



"WE SEE more of each other working together," says Debbie.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS and Eddie Fisher feel that they are at a crossroad in their marital-career situation. Briefly, the question they face at the moment is, "Shall we make more pictures together? And if we do, should we do it now?"

They loved doing "Bundle Of Joy" together and apparently the public loved seeing them in it. It was enormously successful. So what more natural than the problem of whether or not to follow it up with more teaming pictures?

Eddie frankly wants to be an actor and he feels that that picture did a great deal toward launching him on an acting career. Moreover, it was fun for these so-in-love people to work with one another before the cameras. It was fun for them to take their picture problems home and talk about them in the evening. It was even fun to get up together for early calls!

Later, on, after the picture was released, it was exciting to read the good reviews and to get the thousands of fan letters from friends in two entertainment mediums who liked seeing their favorites together in a tender love story. The whole thing had been a wonderful romp.

But that, Eddie and Debbie concluded later on, was just the trouble. Would the public ever take them seriously as a team in pictures? Or would they think that everything they did together was just another romp? Would it destroy all the suspense of any story they did together because everyone would know that they would wind up in one another's arms? Or would their fans accept it if they did *not* wind up in one another's arms? These problems make it difficult to find scripts which will be good for both of them.

Then there are the personal problems.

"Much as I want a career in pictures," Eddie says, seriously, "I certainly don't want it at the tiniest expense to my marriage. Is it good, we wonder, to take these mutual problems home too often? We know already that it is difficult to work all day together without developing some sort of strain. Is it worth it to keep on doing it? Or will we, if we continue, get accustomed to it and take it in stride?"

Debbie adds, wistfully, "There is also the fact that if Eddie and I could both be working in pictures we could be together much more. And now that we have our little daughter, Carrie Frances, this becomes more and more important to us. If Eddie isn't working in pictures when I am, then he has to be away from us so much . . . for TV, for night club work, dozens of things. Perhaps if we made just one or two more pictures together, he would be firmly established in Hollywood and wouldn't have to be away so much. I don't mean that he would necessarily be doing any better financially . . . possibly

he wouldn't even be doing as well. But we could be together.

"But would it be good in the long run? Is it really a good thing for a husband and wife to work together too much at such a strenuous job . . . and pictures are strenuous . . . and then take it all home with them to mull over in the hours which should be their intimate own?"

"There is no use pretending that making a picture isn't a strain and that making it with someone you love isn't a very special strain. Should we try to live with these tensions?"

"One problem we do not have, one which troubles many couples who try to work together. There is no 'star temperament' in either of us to make us jealous of one another's opportunities or to mar our personal relationship. We have really had fun working together.

"There have been a few husband-and-wife teams who have made it work, such as the wonderful Lunt and Fontanne. Perhaps some day Eddie and I could grow into it and that would be wonderful.

"But we wonder if we are mature enough to try to make a steady thing of it now, despite all the personal advantages and pleasure in it? Would the strain of working together too constantly eventually put us on edge with one another?"

"Will the public continue to accept us together for very long? Shall we keep on searching for good scripts for the two of us right now . . . or shall we wait?"

"This seems important to us. What shall we do?" **END**

Paste ballot on postcard and mail to:

SCREENLAND

10 E. 40 St., New York 16, N. Y.

CHECK ONE:

- ☐ Debbie and Eddie should continue making films together.
☐ Debbie and Eddie should not make films together.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Results of your balloting will be sent to Debbie and Eddie.



SCREENLAND / *fashions*

The sophisticated look is not a matter of money. Example: a sleek sheath (available in any price range) plus a big pin worn on the hip, topped with a simple hairdo, add up to super-smartness.



By Natalie Wood

Warner Bros. star now in
"Marjorie Morningstar"

what makes
her so

Sophisticated

Any girl can look sophisticated

if she learns the art of simplicity, the

trick of drama, and if

she carries herself with an air

YOU KNOW her, the girl with that certain something we call sophistication. There's a special air about her, no matter what she's wearing. What is it? How does she get that way? And how can *you* look like that—if you want to? Well, if you think hard about that sophisticated girl, and try to analyze the ingredients of the look, you'll see that it always begins and ends with simplicity of line. Look at the girl in the picture opposite. She's all one long sleek curve—but a gentle curve, nothing obvious! And her hair has the same simplicity—no curls, no fuss. But simplicity isn't the whole story, either. Picture a girl in a plain little dress, probably with a white collar and a simple hairdo. Is she sophisticated-looking? Not necessarily! *She* may look like the typical sweet kid next door. So what does the sophisticate have besides simplicity? She has dash. She has drama. Does the girl in the picture opposite wear her pin on her shoulder, like everybody else? No, she wears it on her hip—and it's a huge pin with plenty of impact. Her bracelet is big, too, and instead of wearing it on her wrist, she wears it halfway up her arm. And she carries herself with sophistication! Her posture is wonderful—head high, back straight. She looks very sure of herself, very confident, very "I know where I'm going, and how to

get there!" Which is a good trick for any girl to practice. Is the sophisticated girl fashionable? She is, but she is not necessarily a fashion plate. If a big coat is the last word, and she knows big coats are not for her, she skips them. If off-shoulder necklines are on the way in, but she doesn't like the looks of them off *her* shoulders, she passes them up. She makes her own style, selecting what's becoming from current fashion, and ignoring the rest. How can *you* acquire the sophisticated look? Start with paring down your present style, whatever it is. The sophisticated girl takes off, rather than adds. Go in for simple lines, then wear one piece less of jewelry than usual. Make your costume, from your hairdo to your toes, one clean sweep with no distractions. Then focus the eye of your audience in one spot. The trick is to dramatize one thing at a time. If you want to wear a big red stole—fine. But wear it over a plain dress. Don't wear gimmicky shoes, or a dramatic belt, or a handbag that's a showpiece in itself. Keep your colors in one key, except for the single splash of contrast. The most sophisticated color scheme of all is a monochrome, with no contrast at all. If you like full skirts, wear them—but everything else should be severely simple. Cut out an excess of buttons, bows, and gimmicks—wear only one at a time. A plain girl can be a knockout, if she achieves the sophisticated look! **END**

Paar for the

"The course" is NBC-TV's "Tonight" show and Jack Paar has adroitly steered it—and himself—right to the top of television

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

ABOVE the lobby of a theatre on 44th street in New York there's a spacious suite of offices occupied by Jack Paar and company. Things start jumping at about 7 p.m. Someone begins banging away at a piano, someone else shouts gaily above the music; secretaries, back from an early supper, get busy at their desks.

"It's always so noisy around here," said Alida Mesrop, Jack's young coordinator of promotion and public relations, "that Jack Douglas writes with ear plugs."

At that very moment, Jack Douglas was sitting behind a big desk in Jack Paar's large, square office, and he was writing. It turned out to be a sign that would later appear on a blackboard behind Paar's desk on the "Tonight" show. It read: "Banana Loaders Wanted: College Men Preferred."

Jack Paar was lying on a leather sofa; he was barefooted and puffing a cigar. When Alida led me in he sat up, pulled on brown socks, brown loafers and jumped to his feet. He was wearing tan slacks and a tan and white striped shirt open at the collar. He looked tired. He *was* tired.

"I got up early this morning. Nine-thirty," he said. "And I spent all day working on the lawn and I ate too much. Usually I eat only one meal a day."

Before he took over "Tonight," Jack usually went to bed at about nine o'clock and woke up at five in the morning. That's changed. Just as "Tonight," itself, has changed.

Someone once described Jack's specialty as "off-trail" nonsense. Jack, himself, says, "I've never pretended to be an actor. I'm at my best when I'm talking. "Tonight" is about the last opportunity for a guy like me."

His *first* opportunity presented itself during the war when he left his announcing job in his native Cleveland, Ohio, to serve time in the Army.

"One hour after I had my uniform on," he recalled to a friend, "I was asked to say a few words about the Army at an officers' club. So I got up and told them that the club reminded me of 'a big tent show with rules.' That got around, and the next thing I knew I was being sent to Washington with two colonels to be toastmaster at a banquet for three

generals. Imagine me—a lowly private—telling those guys off!

"It was all very American, basically. And sweet and clean, I think. I got a lot of laughs and it went well, and so I was sent all around the East in little Army units to entertain the troops. Then I was attached to the 28th Special Service outfit. It was an infantry company, technically. We'd train all day and give shows at night. Our mission was morale in the field."

He lifted the morale in the field to such heights that all the privates would talk about him with something like reverence in their eyes. He inspired this by poking merciless fun at "the brass"! He'd say something like: "Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine . . . there isn't anything he wouldn't do for me that I wouldn't do for him. And that's the way it's been for the past five years—we haven't done a damn thing for each other!"

At first, the officers got sore, but Jack's mild-mannered, witty delivery won them over. "I don't go out there to make 'em sore," he said. "I go out to make 'em laugh . . . I like to make the General laugh, too, even if he does wind up laughing at himself."

Many very famous and very talented performers gave their time freely to entertaining the troops, but it was Jack Paar who was the biggest hit of the South Pacific. There wasn't an atoll he didn't visit with pipe in hand and satisfying venom on his tongue. "We worked so far behind the Japanese lines," he said, "that we worried about being bombed by the Germans."

After the war he became Jack Benny's summer replacement on radio. He soon became *everybody's* replacement.

"What does Jack Paar do in the wintertime?" TV critic John Crosby once asked. "Live on the nuts he stores in the summer time? I have learned to tell the season by Jack Paar. When Paar appears it's time to lay away the winter clothes and get out the tennis racquets."

It was true, and Jack was in a peculiar predicament. Ten years ago he was always being named "the most promising new star" on polls, but success never found him.

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course



PRACTICE (left, above) makes perfect, which is why Jack looks so relaxed on show (below).



He did go to Hollywood for a couple of movies that left a bad taste in his mouth. One of those movies was with Marilyn Monroe, and in his quiet, outspoken way Jack got into trouble with columnists about it.

"Please get this straight," he finally explained. "Some published quotes attributed to me have given the impression that I disliked Marilyn while I was working with her in 'Love Nest.' That is not true. She was a nice, big little girl, one who was constantly carrying books of poetry with the titles visible, so you could see what she was reading. It seemed to me she always wanted to be an intellectual, but she thought it was something you had to join. This naturally bored me and I was also annoyed because she was always late."

He went on to state what he admired most in women. "I admire . . . the one quality that is the most sexually stimulating. And do you know what that is? Poise."

By that time he had met a woman with a great deal of poise. It will be 14 years that he's married to his wife, Miriam. She had never been in show business, which suited Jack fine.

"Professionally sexy women are really lacking in sex," he feels. "What they're interested in is making an impression."

"I met Miriam when I was in the Army. I was speaking in Hershey, Pennsylvania, one night with my commanding officer and I met her. Five months later we were married."

Reticent about his personal life, it was his girl Friday—Alida—who described Miriam more fully. "She's a dark blonde. She looks like Laraine Day. She's very soft-spoken, but not quiet. She's pleasant and nice. There's a warm quality about her. You feel completely at ease with her."

Jack, Miriam, their eight-year-old daughter, Randy—who looks just like her Dad—and a dachshund named Schnapps live in an early-American style home in Bronxville, New York.

"Miriam and I worked with the builders," Jack said. "The place was originally a barn. There's no basement. It has four floors and about twelve rooms."

The place was personally landscaped by Jack and his wife and it includes a rock garden (which he tends) and a swimming pool (which he uses often).

When the Paars moved into the house about a year ago Jack was doing a daily radio broadcast from his den which contains an elaborate recording and broadcasting system. In 1952, he had a morning TV show called "Up To Paar" and then for a year he had an afternoon show. Neither was getting him the acclaim he deserved, but they were both good experience. On his morning show he filled 15 hours a week with no trouble. That makes "Tonight" a snap.

"We used to climb up on the lights and shoot ping-pong balls back and forth for 40 minutes," Jack recalls. "They loved it . . . I'm at my best when all hell breaks loose. My philosophy is that what is happening now is much better than what happened eight hours ago and has been rehearsed ever since . . . I think I'm different—unique. My wife does, too. She said just this morning, 'There's no one like you!'"

When Jack was casting around for a suitable showcase, Ed Sullivan engaged him for many guest spots, and Jack will always be grateful.

"I have been called difficult to work



DODY Goodman's zany brand of humor is one reason for the success of "Tonight."

with," he recently told columnist Marie Torre, "by people who do not know me. What I call integrity has been more than a few people could cope with. I have left two shows in my career simply because I could not in good faith continue to work under conditions that were in conflict with my sense of integrity. I have refused to have any part of rigged quiz shows; I have refused on one occasion to read a commercial that I found offensive. I have refused to appear at benefits or on telethons where any one was taking a salary on the side. Am I difficult to work with? I think the answer is: maybe!"

"Difficult, indeed!" scoffs Alida. "Jack's the most considerate, most understanding person I've ever met or worked

for. Everyone around here will tell you that. I think he's marvelous. For a man in his position he has an amazing loyalty to everyone. And he's extremely polite and courteous."

His courtesy may stem from the fact that Jack doesn't consider himself a "genius type." "I have no desire to direct or produce," he says. "That's for *nouveau riche* amateurs. I have a desire to stay IN TV and not OUT of it."

And that desire is considerably wearing. There is as little rehearsal as possible for "Tonight"—it's mostly ad lib—and Jack has to keep on his toes (five nights a week from 11:15 to 1 a.m.).

"Don't applaud," he once told a studio audience. "Applause gives me a false sense of security." More recently, when he was feeling understandably secure, Jack suddenly looked into the TV camera and said, "Gosh! I never worked in a month that had R in it before."

Work is what suits him best, and he feels he's equipped for two professions—show business and mowing the lawn. He is not much of a hobbyist. At one time he was interested in racing cars. "I used to buy 'em all," he says. "But I never drove them. I just polished them."

He has also done some oil-painting. "Jack paints a tree, he paints a lake. It's nice," says José Melis, the talented pianist on Jack's show.

"I'm not any good at painting," Jack protests. "I haven't painted in a long time. I used to fool around with it. I taught myself. Maybe that's why I'm so bad. But I'm interested in everything—except baseball."

It's his interest in everything that makes "Tonight" such a pleasantly varied and informal show. He likes to discuss everything "from the lyrics of popular songs to fashions and new books."

One of his favorite guests is Elsa Maxwell. "You have to keep her to what she knows," he says. "International society. I don't know anything about society, but we have a kind of chemistry together. If you use Elsa you have to push her all together, then squeeze her out all at once. You don't drip her, you have to plop her."

If you want to see Elsa plopped, keep your eyes on Channel 4. You will also regularly see Dody Goodman, the deceptively scatter-brained blonde. It's often a zany show, partly because Jack's top writer—Jack Douglas—is something of a zany himself.

Like Paar, he respects privacy in his personal life. He has three electric fences on the lawn of his Hollywood home, and there are a series of signs on his driveway designed to scare you away.

Though Jack Paar doesn't go to such lengths he, too, guards his isolation. "I am too busy trying to get some sleep and strength to defend myself," is the way he once ended an interview. "Life to me is just one touché after another. My saber is bent, and now if you'll close the door quietly, I'll get some rest." **END**

The Price Ingrid Paid For Love

continued from page 18

"But," added Ingrid, "I never put myself on a pedestal as a perfect mother. Peter used to say, 'It is not good, the way you play with Pia as a friend, as an equal. The child should have respect for you.' And I would answer, 'I don't want her to have respect for me. I want her to love me.'"

Hollywood, for Bergman, was a terribly lonely place. "It was so *dull*!" she cried, remembering her life before Roberto. "All they ever talked about, out there, was this producer or that one, or how taxes were killing them. Often, after I'd finished a movie and had stayed around the house for a while, I'd want to see some plays and hear a few concerts, and I'd sort of run away to New York. I like that city. It's alive."

She was to say as much for Rossellini. "He's so alive," she exulted, after meeting him. "He makes *me* come alive."

One Italian film executive, in trying to define Rossellini's special charm, said, "He creates a dream atmosphere about himself. The women around him live in a dream world. He is the true man of today. The rest of us are silly romanticists with foolish notions about how gently women should be treated."

ROSSELLINI'S "Open City" and, later, "Paisan," had moved Ingrid deeply. She had had two bad pictures in a row—"Arch Of Triumph" and "Joan Of Arc"—and Hollywood seemed to offer her nothing but "more of the same, only more so." She wrote Rossellini what amounted to a fan letter, in which she said, "If you should ever need an actress whose English is quite good and whose only knowledge of Italian is *Io ti amo*, please call on me." Quipped one insider: "Mail order romance was something new for the Italian Romeo, but he was up to it. He merely had to hide Ingrid's letters in his aunt's house, lest the fiery Anna Magnani, then his great friend, find out about them."

There were other women in Rossellini's life, too: His wife; a Roswita Schmidt, and Marilyn Buford, the Miss America of 1946. The double threat lover shuffled his women around with fine impartiality. What he lacked in youth and physique, he more than made up for in hand-kissing and other demonstrations of Continental charm.

Somehow, the Italian genius had managed to shelve all his girl friends except Magnani, when Ingrid Bergman arrived in Paris with her husband for the momentous first meeting with Rossellini. They were to discuss Ingrid's starring in Roberto's proposed new film, "Stromboli." Rossellini, who arrived for the meeting two days late—the name of the delay was Anna Magnani—outlined the film, promised to bring a draft of the

script to America within three months, bowed to Dr. Lindstrom (the doctor was not impressed), kissed Ingrid's hand, and departed.

Early the following year, Roberto came to Hollywood as the house guest of the Lindstroms. The good doctor still did not like the Italian. But when Rossellini left to go back to Italy, "he must have given Ingrid the full treatment of his persuasive genius," an intimate said, "because when Bergman joined Roberto later in Rome, it was not for just a film."

Ingrid's arrival in Italy was a field day for the press. The Roman charmer made sure that newspapermen understood the full implication of the Bergman visit; he thoughtfully provided the Swedish star with a suite in the Hotel Excelsior; it connected with his own by inter-communicating doors. (He was to do this later, too, with the Indian beauty, Sonali, in Bombay.) And, further to make sure that this bit of subtlety was not lost, Roberto showed, only to his intimates, of course, a copy of the letter Ingrid dispatched to her husband in which she confessed "that she had found a new soul mate."

Rossellini asked for an annulment of his first marriage on the grounds that he was under the influence of drugs when he married. Ingrid wrote to Lindstrom pleading for a divorce, and then the pair set off for Stromboli and the film they were to make.

"I probably loved Roberto from the time that I first saw his pictures," Ingrid admits. "Oh, it wasn't the kind of thing that comes to you suddenly. I never thought, 'God, I'm in love.' I just felt as

though I had known Roberto for years."

On the constantly-erupting volcanic island they lived without plumbing, fresh water, roads, newspapers, movie houses or wheeled vehicles. The peak of luxury was the makeshift shack that was Ingrid's shower. And while Roberto may have been a gentle lover, he set for Bergman the most rugged standard of realism she ever had to meet. In one scene where she had to break away from the arms of a fisherman, Rossellini sent Ingrid back barefoot repeatedly over the knife-sharp lava with the stinging rebuke, "I still do not find in your face the nuances that must be there." The blood on her feet was left in the film.

DESPITE all this, Ingrid found life on Stromboli a paradise. She and Rossellini refused to turn their love into a furtive affair. They walked everywhere on the island, hand in hand. "All that counts for Ingrid," said her friend Jean Renoir, the film director, "is her feeling that something is right. If she feels that it's right, then even before she knows it to be right, she acts. If she loves someone, she would no more try to hide it than she would try to keep the sun from coming up."

Appalled at the rumors, Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy, talked all night with Ingrid and Rossellini, but refused adamantly to grant Ingrid her freedom. When he left 24 hours later, he still insisted that his wife "come to her senses." "She referred to her behavior of the past three weeks," the doctor said later. "She said she had changed her mind and promised to discontinue the relationship. Her words were, 'This has to stop.' She said she would have nothing more to do with that man after the picture was finished. We planned to meet when her work was done."

This is Dr. Lindstrom's version. It
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TOGETHER at last. Ingrid and her children: Isabella, Ingrid, Robertino, Jenny Ann.

THE PRICE INGRID PAID FOR LOVE

continued

does not jibe with what Ingrid herself said. Even so, Ingrid's "returning home" was by now an emotional impossibility. On December 12, 1949, columnist Louella Parsons reported that Ingrid was expecting a baby in three months.

"I don't know how she found out," Ingrid said. "I don't know who would have told her. And I don't ever want to know."

Life for Ingrid and Rossellini became all but intolerable. Photographers and newsmen hounded them, patrolling the front of the Rossellini apartment, where Ingrid was then living, day and night. One pair of newsmen, disguised as broom sellers, even went to a Minnesota farm and tried to coax a statement from a bewildered young Pia. For two solid months, until her baby was born, Ingrid was a prisoner in the apartment; she did not dare leave.

When Renato Roberto Justus Giuseppe—afterward called Robertino—was born in the Villa Margherita Clinic Feb. 2, 1950, cameras with telescopic lenses were trained like cannon on the hospital. Nuns were offered bribes of a million *lire* to let pictures be taken of the newborn baby. On the radio Ingrid's obstetrician discussed her childbirth in clinical detail. Rome's riot squad raced over in jeeps to restore law and order, and Ingrid had to have her rooms guarded by armed *carabinieri*.

"I DIDN'T know how much more of it I could take," Ingrid said. "If they had been deliberately trying to drive me crazy, they couldn't have done a much better job."

She was vilified, condemned, raked over the coals by press and public alike. A U. S. Senator in the halls of Congress declaimed, self-righteously, "Out of Ingrid Bergman's ashes perhaps a better Hollywood will come . . ."

"They tried to kill me, but I am hard to kill," Miss Bergman said. "All right, I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman, and it's not the last. It's too bad, but there it is. Anyone can make a mistake. It's how they act after the mistake that should be judged, if you ask me." And Rossellini added, "Believe me, it took more courage on our part to have the baby."

What hurt Ingrid most was not what others had done to her. It was what she had had to do to someone else. "My decision not to give up Roberto was a selfish one, I know. I put my happiness first. But I never dreamed I'd encounter such bitterness and that I'd lose Pia."

"The worst part," she went on, "was having to hurt my daughter. To do that to her, knowing it wasn't her fault—I was sick over it. Nothing that has ever happened in my whole life has made me

feel half so rotten . . . And now, she doesn't even call herself Pia any more. She hated the name that we had given her; her friends made fun of her—you know how kids are. So she's Jenny Ann." Ingrid sighed. "Jenny Ann! It's so hard for me ever to remember that."

But even with all the horror, Ingrid was not yet a bitter, beaten woman. She and Rossellini picked up the pieces of their lives, settled down to raise a family. Money was scarce—for a long time the \$300,000 she had left behind in California was tied up in the courts—but even so, she and Roberto spent at a furious rate. They had the apartment on the Via Bruno Buozzi in Rome, bought a \$100,000 villa at Santa Marinella and a large schooner. "We'll probably wind up in the poorhouse," Ingrid laughed. "But at least I will have been happy." And she could still act. "Not to act," she once



AT plane to see Jenny Ann off for home, Ingrid valiantly holds on to her emotions.

said, "is the same as not to breathe . . ."

Unfortunately, the films Ingrid and Rossellini made together were dismal failures. The same critics who hailed Roberto as the great director of his day were now raising doubts as to his ability. Somebody had to be the breadwinner; Somebody had to pay for Roberto's red Cisitalia racing car and the white Ferrari—the "summer Ferrari"—and the seaside villa and the children. The blonde Swedish star started studying the script of "Elena And The Men," in which she was directed by Jean Renoir.

"We are splitting artistically—my husband and I—but only artistically," Ingrid was quick to explain. And Rossellini said, "When people who love each other work together in pictures, it can kill the love. I'd rather have my love."

Yet a man who felt rejected could

turn bitter, just as Dr. Lindstrom turned bitter, too. Friends were saying that Roberto's failure to direct his wife in anything but box-office turkeys had wounded his ego so badly the hurt would never heal. Ingrid's star was rising again; Rossellini's had sunk to the nadir. He had not been consulted about "Anastasia"—"it was the worst thing Ingrid ever did," he sneered. He was jealous of Ingrid's success in Paris in the French stage version of "Tea And Sympathy." He sat, ignored and unnoticed, in the corner of a London hotel room while Ingrid was petted and partied. "For Rossellini," one comment said, "London was hell. He left London convinced that he was no longer necessary to Bergman." He flew to India at the invitation of the Government to make a documentary film. Ingrid and the three children were alone that Christmas.

The man for whom Ingrid Bergman had given up everything—husband, child, home, honor—now seemed to be blaming her for all his troubles. In Bombay, Rossellini was saying, "My wife? Ingrid is a very independent woman. A strong woman, in many ways much stronger than I. I will be quite honest. The first years of our marriage we worked only together. If they offered Ingrid something without me, she refused even to read the script."

"Those were the happy years. The children were small. They cried for Mama and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older and they are not so dependent on her and Ingrid grows restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are . . ."

Far away on the other side of the world, in Paris, Ingrid was still pretending that all was well. "People are always trying to get us divorced," she said. "But life has seldom been so good to me as it is now."

She could even—the Incredible Swede—lash out in defense of Rossellini. "He's not a villain," she cried. "He's nice. He's a considerate, humane man with practically no vices. He doesn't drink. He doesn't gamble. He has no hobbies, except motor car racing. When he's in his Ferrari, he forgets all his problems and he relaxes."

BUT when, suddenly, newspaper headlines flared: Roberto jilts Ingrid for new love in India, time, for Ingrid, had come to a stop. There were no presents for the children at Christmas; there was nothing for Ingrid, even on her seventh wedding anniversary—nothing except a brief cable of eight words from India: WISHING YOU A LONG AND HAPPY MARRIED LIFE. ("I have done no shopping since I came," said Roberto, in cold defense. "I am working. I am a busy man. There is not time.")

Yet there was time enough to meet Sonali Das Gupta, flatter her, ask her

continued on page 64



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THE PRICE INGRID PAID FOR LOVE

continued

to help him with his script, listen to her say, all too-starry-eyed, "I have loved your work, *Signor*, and I consider this a great honor to work with you now." There was time to woo Sonali from her husband and children, move her into a suite adjoining his at the regal Taj Mahal Hotel, time to create a liaison that was the choicest bit of gossip in upper Bombay circles.

A "Save Sonali from Scandal" campaign mushroomed all over India; Hari Das Gupta demanded that Rossellini be tossed out of the country; Hari's younger brother was so shamed that he attempted suicide. Six policemen guarded the door of Sonali's room to keep Hari's relatives from attacking her. Rossellini abandoned his connecting suite in the Taj Mahal Hotel and moved down the hall to a cubbyhole without air conditioning. There were no more public declarations that he "loved" Sonali or would "marry" her. "She is only a secretary to me," Roberto cried. And when a newshawk asked Rossellini if he had ever told one of Sonali's kinfolk that he wanted to marry her, Roberto suavely replied, "On the spur of the moment you say things you are not responsible for."

There, in Paris, Ingrid tried to pick up the pieces of her life again, without the man of whom she had said, "When Roberto came along, I would have swum the ocean to be with him." She was now at last, after six hurtful, heartbreaking years, to see her daughter. Jenny Ann, now 18 and beautiful, the image of her mother, is a sophomore at the University of Colorado. But she is Jenny Ann Lindstrom—*Lindstrom*, as Ingrid kept telling herself, all through the three wonderful days they had together in Paris, before they were off for a month in Italy.

In Rome, Jenny was introduced both to Italian *pasta* and to her five-year-old half-sister Isabella, who was in a clinic recovering from an appendix operation. Later, Ingrid told newsmen, "Isabella was very shy, despite the fact that I have talked to her about Jenny Ann for years." Jenny Ann broke in, "Mother, don't say that. She was simply delicious."

Her daughter had called her *Mother*, Ingrid remembered, her heart swelling until she could not speak. It helped—a little—when on the drive from Rome to Santa Marinella, where Jenny was to meet little Robertino and the other twin, Ingrid, they were pursued by newsmen and photographers for almost 25 miles. Ingrid pleaded for privacy and threatened to call police, finally turning and crying despairingly, "Can't you leave me and my miserable life alone?"

There was even gossip linking Jenny Ann with Franco Rossellini, Roberto's nephew. "It isn't true," Jenny Ann had to cry. "I methim, but that's all."

Then, too soon, it was time for Jenny Ann to leave for home—home, and school—in the United States. The get-acquainted holiday had ended. Downcast and depressed, alone as she had never been before, Ingrid Bergman could only say, "The wind blows this way and blows that way, and in life you have to take what it gives you. I am grateful for everything that has happened. I have never regretted anything."

Ingrid, perhaps, was not "doing penance for anything." She was, in November, at work again in London, making "Kind Sir" with Cary Grant. ("When I saw Ingrid," a friend said, "she struck me as a woman going back to work just to keep life going.") There was to be, she said time after time, "no divorce

from Rossellini." Sources close to Roberto were saying that he was still determined not to leave India without the mother of two who deserted her husband (as Ingrid had) and defied centuries of tradition to join him at Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel. The rumors that Ingrid had already met a new love—an actor with whom she had appeared in a film in Paris—were met only with a numbed, stony silence.

Of the career that is always so much a part of her life, Ingrid said, "I'll go *anywhere*, if a role and story appeal to me." But no place she could go—nothing she could ever do—would make her forget the price she has paid, and perhaps is still to pay, for a love the world holds is unworthy of her. **END**

Your Witness

continued from page 49

a full week's salary in those days. That's when this bird brain learned a studio *only* pays for meals on location!

Q. True or false, that you have a fiendish temper and really explode when someone rubs you the wrong way?

A. True, at times. But it isn't some one, it's some *thing*. Like the time I kept calling Venetia Stevenson when my TV set was broken. I knew she was home and I wanted to catch Kim Stanley's TV show. Venetia wouldn't answer her phone, so I dashed over and scared her silly when I exploded. Once I blow my stack I'm over it.

Q. True or false, that you won't mingle with Hollywood's top brass socially, although it might "help" you?

A. True. I never want to be in a position where things are put on a personal basis. I think acting is like religion. You know about it but only discuss it at the proper time and place. And no one can convince me that an actor gets a job by *losing* at tennis—if you know what I mean!

Q. True or false, that you're bitter about those endless stories revealing the "real" Tab Hunter?

A. False, because there's no place in my life for bitterness. Sometimes I do wonder if those conflicting stories confuse the people who read them. For example, I've told everyone I'm still trying to finish furnishing my small apartment. But when my good friend and agent, Dick Clayton, allowed me to be photographed in his hilltop home, the writer spun a tall tale about my struggle to pay for my dream house. Some dream! It turned out to be a nightmare for Dick, who finally had to put an electric lock on his gate.

Q. True or false, that you have a phobia about making a fool of yourself?

A. Please don't call it a phobia, but it really is true. I try to avoid being put in a spot where I can't do my best.

Like the time I had to sing to a live audience and forty million viewers on the Perry Como show. When they suggested spinning my recording of "Young Love" and letting me mouth the words, that did it. I plunged in and sang the song myself. Was I scared? And how!

Q. True or false, that there are those who think you're taking yourself too seriously these days?

A. True—the same ones who accused me of *not* taking myself seriously enough last year!

Q. True or false, that you have no plans for marriage and raising a family of your own?

A. False. I'd marry tomorrow, next week, or next year. In other words, the minute I find the girl who's right for me and vice-versa. And if I had my way, I'd have three children, a girl, a boy and a girl and in that order.

Q. True or false, that you're a victim of terrific "highs" and terrific "lows?"

A. Too true. Anticipation is terribly exciting, but you can't put all your faith in it the way I do. Then there are times when I suddenly hit bottom and I couldn't tell you why. I just try to be alone and remember it will all pass—until the next time!

Q. True or false, that you think it's difficult to be "yourself" in Hollywood?

A. True in many cases, including mine. So much happens so fast, it takes a long time to know *what* or *who* "yourself" really is. Check with me again in 20 years—just in case I'm around!

Q. True or false, that there is anything else you'd like to say before you climb off the witness stand?

A. True. I'd like to say I'm grateful for this chance to tell the truth. I'd also like to thank my wonderful fans for supporting me while I'm fighting hard to prove that I'm not just another actor who came along bearing that label—"Product of Hollywood!" **END**

for the smart young miss **A Holiday**

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MISS Magazine—the Smart Choice of the young set

A Personal Report On Sophia Loren

continued from page 42

that meeting in New York with William Wyler, the director. The meeting that got me out here. Whoever wrote that couldn't have had it wrong. I was doing 'Tea And Sympathy.' My agent wanted me to talk to Wyler. I didn't want to. That's a fact. I didn't want to. Couldn't see any point to it because I was practically set for another play. But my agent insisted and so I did, and Wyler and I got along and that was that. And this is this. But a lot of it you can have."

"You even walk down Sunset Boulevard in your bare feet?"

"Your name's not Mike Wallace, is it? I walked to the market in my bare feet a few times. That would be Sunset. So do lots of people. But they got away with it, I didn't."

"Now where does that leave lovely Sophia Loren?"

"Hey, we lost her somewhere back there, didn't we?"

"That we did. She ever mention Gina Lollobrigida?"

"Never in my hearing. She is very, very *grande dame* on the subject of Gina Lollobrigida, which I hope you can spell. As *grande dame* as she was the night of the Romanoff's bash. Do you remember that night?"

THAT night caused quite a rumpus in Hollywood. It was Miss Loren's formal bow to the town and everybody, as Miss Parsons says, who was anybody was there, plus hundreds of faceless derelicts who presumably did not have names. Miss Loren's entrance was late and smashing but no one, absolutely no one, can outlate Jayne Mansfield. And Miss Mansfield's entrance was no more demure than a scream in an alley. Those who have pondered why Miss Mansfield was advised to come at all and thought she was badly advised now may have their answer. She was advised by a 20th Century-Fox publicist, who said he would sacrifice his head if he had done her wrong. Miss Mansfield didn't want to come, it says here, but the publicist's head is still on. In any event, Miss Mansfield swept up to Miss Loren and the two were photographed together amid fanfare and torso. They were aloof as two wrestlers before the bell. Unquestionably, Miss Mansfield diverted attention from the guest of honor. Just as unquestionably, Miss Loren rose miles above the whole thing. The photographer who gasped awedly, "My God, they're having a contest!" could not have been wronger. Miss Loren was declining to compete.

"Sophia really had it that night," said Perkins. "She always has it. There's more innate dignity in that woman than there is in a stable of Astors. Keep battling, friend."

"All right, let's go back to the part about over-compensating."

"No, just compensating. You would, too. Look, Sophia had it terribly rugged. I've said that. Now she's a movie queen and she lives it up. On the set, too. We always knew she was around. But why not? Don't have me say it as if I didn't like it. She's a star—a real star for Pete's sake. I didn't even mind being up-staged a few times. Besides, I got some of that back. But who's going to be looking at a puss like mine when Sophia's is on the screen?"

"Girls."

He smiled thinly. "You ever taken a real good look at my face? Someone's myopic. I better be good because I sure ain't pretty. But Sophia's a—a legendary beauty. And the wonderful thing is, she's not self-conscious about it. You know, she just never stops thinking."

"Compensate some more."

"Sure. It comes to this, in my opinion. You read about stars who long for the past. But most of them don't. Why should they? Their past a lot of times was tough. They live desperately in the present. Desperately. And no one more than Sophia. Why would she want to go back to what she had? She might even like for an analyst to get it out of her, I don't know. But I'm sure *Steccheto* is no more where she is concerned, and must never be again. Is that bad? Sophia's rolling in clover, she knows she's rolling in clover, she loves it and she says she loves it. That's about as honest as you can be. Where's Little Stick now? Taking bows somewhere, I hope."

"Did you, kidding aside, like working with her?"

"Well all kidding aside, I loved working with her."

"And as a person?"

"Wonderful. Check around if you like—everyone agrees with me."

"But there was nothing between you



WONDERFUL thing about Sophia is she's not a bit self-conscious about her beauty.

beyond the professional association?"

"No-o-o-o. Was it rumored?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then, why—?"

"Stretching. We got all this beautiful art on her. The theory is a few words make art look better."

"It looks like I'm writing you a glorified caption."

"That's it."

Perkins stood and stretched his amazing length in several directions.

"Sophia couldn't see you, eh?"

"Apparently not."

"Funny. She's not like that at all. But when she works she works and she can't be distracted. And lunch interviews made her nervous. And when she's in her dressing room, she has to rest. That's what you were up against. But you weren't up against her personal wishes, I'll tell you that."

"That's better. It makes her *paisan* all over again."

"*Paisan* with furs," amended Perkins. "Thanks for the featured billing. Call me if you need me."

"We don't need you. Because we've got the pictures." **END**

Papa Pat

continued from page 39

bicycling, Walt Disney movies, making home movies—are fun for all of us; Shirley and I enjoy pocket billiards and I've taught Cherrie how to hold the cue. She puts on her ten-gallon hat, her cowgirl boots and rides the range across the living room floor with me as her bucking bronco."

According to the Boone family the most fun ever is a do-it-yourself session in a coin-operated Photomaton. Whenever they spot one in a drug or dime

store they take turns having their pictures taken while hamming it up. The more outlandish the facial expressions—the more fun.

Pat just can't imagine what it would be like—not being a father. "It's wonderful," he says, "to hear those squeals and shouts when I enter the front door after a hard day of picture-making, or watching a baby haltingly learn to say one first word and a few months later

continued on page 69



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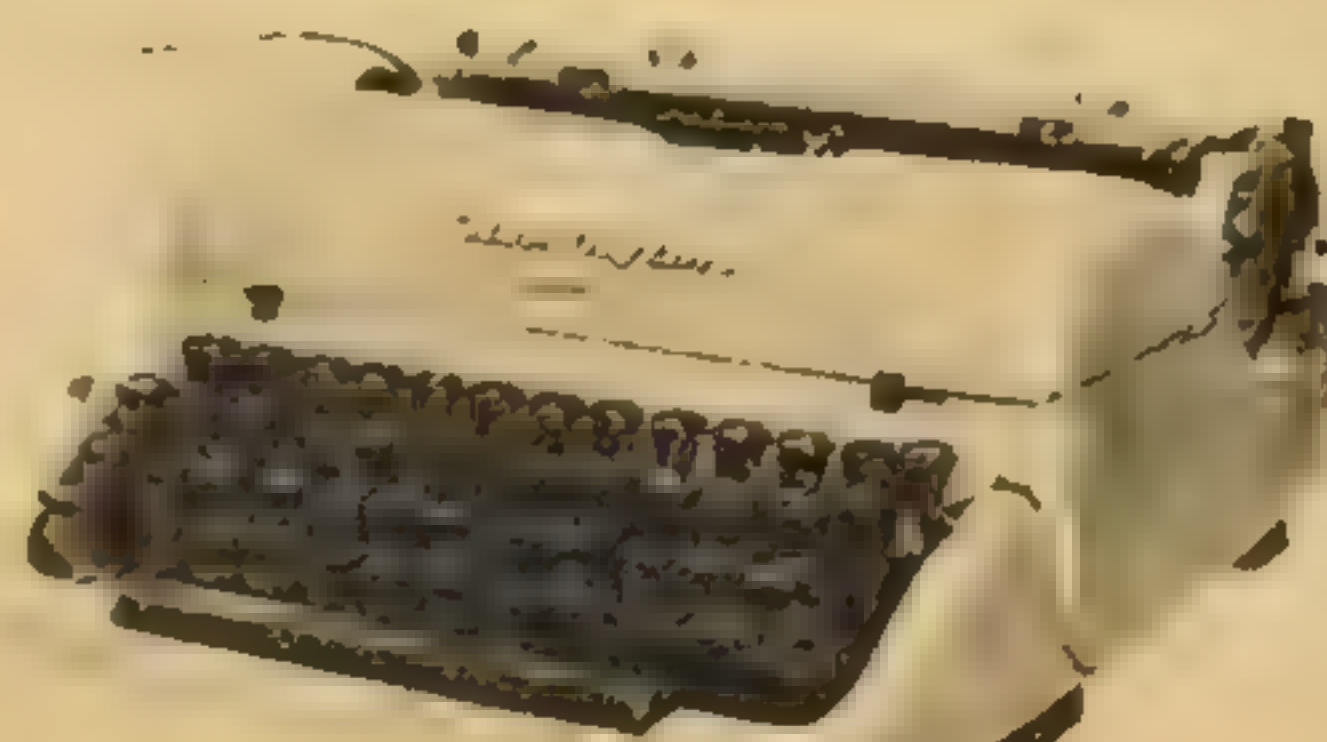
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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, CBS-TV star

MORE musical morsels from the Horne of plenty. Lena Horne's latest album for Victor, "Stormy Weather," holds a flock of tempting items in store for the listener. Some of the main course delicacies include the title song, "Mad About The Boy" and "Just One Of Those Things." . . . "Bing With A Beat" is the title of Bing Crosby's new Victor album. Backed by Bob Scobey's Frisco Jazz Band, he has things going at a swift pace befitting the hot Dixieland doings. Everybody's as relaxed as warm Jello as they bounce through such diverse cantatas as "Last Night On The Back Porch" and "Mack The Knife." . . . Les Paul and Mary Ford have not yet run out of multiple tapes or the ability to get a good sound down on them. Their Capitol recordings of "Strollin' Blues" and "I Don't Want You No More" once again have Les and Mary dittoing voice and guitar in expert and exciting fashion. . . . For those who like to take their composers in the giant economy size, Columbia has the perfect package. It consists of a series of 2-LP albums featuring the music of Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Cole Porter. The albums are handsomely mounted and adroitly performed. And if there have been any important tunes overlooked, they've eluded us, too.

What should be a *big* song for a *big* picture, "Raintree County," is given the four-star treatment by Nat "King" Cole. The flip side, "With You On My Mind," is a pleasant enough ballad, but "Raintree" should be getting the heavy play across the country. After this recording, the movie may come as a bit of an anti-climax (Capitol). . . . The mass hysteria that accompanied the recent calypso craze has subsided considerably, but the man who was the guiding force behind it shows no signs of diminishing popularity. Harry Belafonte's latest Victor album, "Belafonte Sings Of The

Caribbean," is still deep in West Indian rhythms and still very good. . . . Gisele Mackenzie, late of "The Hit Parade," is a gal of many fabulous talents, not the least of which is the ability to sing as charmingly in French as she does in English. In the Vik album, "Mam'selle Gisele," she offers a full house of Gallic interpretations. The numbers that were originally written in English lose nothing in the translation. . . . That staunch group of musical lower classmen, The Four Freshmen, are once again Big Men On Campus with their latest Capitol recording of the standard "Sometimes I'm Happy" and a torchy ballad, "Julie Is Her Name." Latter was written by Bobby Troup who just happens to supply the musical backgrounds for Julie London.

Another Julie, Julie Wilson by name, applies her husky tonsils to an album of standards gathered under the Vik banner and labeled "My Old Flame." Miss Wilson's flame is neither old nor flickering but burns brightly and steady. . . . The King Sisters after an all too long hiatus from the music field have been coming on like Gang Busters as of late. Their new Capitol release features the girls on a couple of evergreens that have managed to stay fresh and alive through the years—"Easy To Love" and "That Old Feeling." . . . Ruby Braff is a trumpet player who refuses to be categorized. Neither Dixie, nor progressive, nor hot, nor cool, Ruby just settles for playing a whole mess of fine horn. His new Epic album titled simply "Braff!!" illustrates the non-conformist qualities of Mr. Braff perfectly. Ruby makes his point on numbers such as "When My Dreamboat Comes Home" and "Moonglow." . . . Lonnie Donegan, backed by his Skiffle Group, has a pair of half folk ballad, half rock-a-billy type numbers out on a new Mercury record. "Gamblin' Man" and "Puttin' On The Style" definitely have The Beat but not in overpowering quantities. **END**

PAPA PAT

continued

chattering away like a magpie. Or mastering turning right or left or stopping short on a tricycle. I hope I'll never lose my interest and eagerness to help my kids grow along the way.

"As far as I'm concerned children can be children. If that means noise, confusion, occasional freshness or shouting or bouncing, that is all right with me. But I hope I know where to draw the line. If you give youngsters rules to live by they'll find times when there are no rules to cover a given situation. But if you give them principles (as my own parents tried to do with me) they have a solid foundation on which to build their lives."

Pat doesn't profess to be a perfect father. He's only human, after all. He knows, for instance, that Cherrie, beloved first-born, is an exceptionally bright child, always on the go, a ball-of-fire who tries to rule the family. Maybe, because she is so cute, he's spoiled her a little, as many another loving father does. But when she interferes with his home recording or college study hours, he lays down the law.

Young Pat is as good a father as he is a singer, actor and student—and that's mighty, mighty good. How does

this amazing young man manage his triple-threat life—career, family man, college student?

Jack Spina, Pat's manager, has the answer. "The pace Pat keeps up is unbelievable," Spina says. "Sometimes I'm not sure whether he's man—or Superman. He has as much energy as his ancestor, Daniel Boone. You know, he's Daniel's great-great-great-great-great grandson. One of Pat's greatest assets is his ability to take his amazing work load in stride. I think it goes back to his ability, learned early, to take one problem at a time. This 'mental switching' enables him to go from TV rehearsal to college classroom, from dazzling Hollywood premieres to sound stage, to home and family and back to his books. He carries his textbooks wherever he goes and during the day grabs any stray minutes to bone up for exams. That boy has learned how to concentrate fully on the task at hand with no tension over the one to come. I wish I could do it and when I've asked him his secret, he says, 'First, I do the best I can every day; secondly, I don't worry about tomorrow until tomorrow; lastly, I concentrate on what I'm doing, even if it's only playing with the kids. If I were to stop and think of everything I have to do, I'd have no time to do anything except worry. Instead, I just let go, lie down on the floor for

five minutes, chew a stick of gum, and go on to my next appointment.'"

Watching Pat at 20th Century-Fox as he winds up his second film, "April Love," you marvel at his ability to relax in the midst of tension. Hands in pockets, relaxed as a kitten on a hearthstone, Pat ambles up to record a song. Undisturbed by the crowd watching him, he sang the song seriously and well. Then, just as relaxed, he explained his schedule for the next six months. "We're going back to Leonia, to our house there. It's a simple little house with a pretty garden and trees and you'd barely know you're only 25 minutes from New York City. I need only 16 more hours at Columbia to get my degree and I don't know yet whether I'll do it in one term or spread it over two. I have to see how much time my TV show takes. After that, we expect to move back to California, find a house big enough but one without a swimming pool. With three little toddlers we can't have anything but a wading pool although Shirl and I love to swim."

There are busy days ahead for Pat Boone and that's good news for the army of bobbysoxers who adore him and all of whom he loves dearly. But his own three *babysoxers* (and the new one the stork promises to deliver in February) hold the front place in the heart of Pat Boone, family man. **END**

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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

written what Rick calls "a terrific Western" screenplay which he wants to do. So as majority stockholder in her corporation, he made her "retire" the script until he can do it! Meantime, he's getting a real break in "Family Doctor" being made in England.

DEVOTED—Before you read this you'll probably have seen Don Murray and Hope Lange co-starring on TV in "The Homeless." Interesting note: Don wrote the play before they were married, when he was courting Hope and wrote the femme lead expressly for her! Hope and Don, a very devoted couple, don't believe in long separations.

THAT'S BUSY!—Lori Nelson, starring in the new TV series, "How To Marry A Millionaire," is too busy to worry about how to marry a millionaire. Honest! She's quit dating millionaire-publisher Bob Peterson. Says they were "getting too serious" and Lori wants to concentrate on a career!

ROMANTIC—Cary Grant and Betsy Drake are nothing if not a sentimental couple, even after eight years of marriage. To celebrate Betsy's birthday Cary had the housekeeper serve breakfast, complete with roses, for them on their terrace which overlooks all Los Angeles. Fortunately it was a smogless day and they could enjoy the view. And would you believe Betsy is The End as a cookie baker? While "Houseboat" was in production, members of the crew started bringing home-made cookies to the set. It became a contest. Cary said his wife could bake better ones and Betsy sent a batch. The crew agreed that she sure knows her cookies!

LOVE?—Kathy Grant postcards from romantic Majorca in the Mediterranean "Everything's going my way." Makes sense. She has the femme lead in "The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad" and while on location there, has been dating co-star Kerwin Mathews. Spies say this looks like the Real Thing and that she's completely forgotten Der Bingle.

MR. & MRS.—Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay still plan an early January wedding and meantime are looking for a lot with a view of the city, high in the hills of Bel-Air. And you know Mickey is a partner in a prosperous Indianapolis construction company? So he'll personally supervise the building of their Honeymoon House.

MUST BE LOVE—When Dana Wynter's Kerry Blue "Harry" disappeared she was so upset that husband Greg Bautzer offered a \$1,000 reward for its

return! With no action after a week he concluded it was "dognapped" and bought her another pup, same breed, which she named "Charlie."

LOVE COSTS \$\$\$—When work separates Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin he calls her three times a day. This was quite an item while Cyd was in Hawaii for "Twilight For The Gods." But Cyd's real happy she'll be back in time to celebrate Tony's birthday on Christmas. Then she'll go with him to Las Vegas for his singing engagement and they'll celebrate New Year's there.

LIKES BLONDES—John Smith, a very eligible bachelor, isn't tying himself down to any steady. His dates include Venetia Stevenson, Susan "Green-Eyed Blonde" Oliver and Ingrid Goude. He prefers blondes and he's a blond, so opposites don't always attract!

MIXED EMOTIONS—Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty are naturally delighted that they'll be welcoming their third baby about the time you read this. But with the larger family they'll need a larger house. They hate to leave their honeymoon house but they can't add rooms because of the size of the lot. So move they must.

DATA ON DATES—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman continue their real-life romance co-starring in "The Long Hot Summer" . . . It seems serious between Anne Francis and musician Buddy Bregman . . . John Saxon divides his date time between Gia Scala and Vicki Thal . . . Julie London and Bobby Troup broke off their engagement but still date . . . Lance Reventlow, Barbara Hutton's son, divides his date time here between Peggy Connolly, who used to date Frank Sinatra, and Joanna Moore. . . It's been real steady-type dating for Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman. . . Ditto for Barbara Rush and studio executive Frank McCarthy.

SHORT SHORTS—Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell celebrated their fourteenth anniversary. . . Terry Moore and Eugene McGrath have reconciled but she won't talk about it. . . Gena Rowlands is sad that husband John Cassavetes had to go on a 14-week location to the Virgin Islands and wasn't here to encourage her through her first film role, opposite Jose Ferrer in "Bay The Moon." She was a Broadway star. . . Jerry and Patti Lewis, with three sons, hope the expected baby is a girl. . . Leslie Caron, back in town to make "Gigi," is showing the sights to her British husband, Peter Hall, here on his first visit. They also brought along son Christopher.

Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

hart is called up to answer charges of being a traitor and aiding the enemy. The evidence seems overwhelming: tape recordings by Basehart saying America engaged in germ warfare, a signed statement saying the same lies, and testimony that Basehart had tried to preach Communism to the other prisoners. In trying to present a fair case against the accused, Widmark, on the Army's legal staff, uncovers the real reason why Basehart refused to tell his side of the story of becoming a traitor. Explosive drama that doesn't supply any clear-cut answer but leaves some of the deciding for the audience. (United Artists.)

Slaughter On Tenth Avenue

WHEN a stevedore on the New York waterfront is mortally shot, Deputy Assistant District Attorney Richard Egan is assigned the case. Everyone knows who the gunmen were, but no one will talk, not even the victim's wife, Jan Sterling. Without witnesses, or people who'll testify in court, Egan knows he doesn't stand a chance of cracking the back of the crooked union that has been siphoning money from the workers and spreading terror along the waterfront. In trying to amass enough evidence to take union boss Walter Matthau to trial, Egan doesn't seem to stand a chance. Even his boss, Sam Levene, seems to set a few more obstacles in the path of justice. Fortunately for Egan, his brand new wife Julie Adams is understanding, and the dockworkers

themselves decide some reforms are needed. Average crime story that sticks close to fact. (Universal-International.)

Town On Trial

SENT to a small English village to investigate the murder of a young attractive girl, Scotland Yard inspector John Mills unearths many unpleasant undercurrents on a surface that's serene and normal. Not a believer in tact, he manages, with the aid of doctor Charles Coburn, to get some evidence on a number of people who have a motive or opportunity for the killing. Thorough though he is, Mills is too late to prevent the death of still another local girl. Only after her death, does he realize how important some of the things were he had heard from Coburn. Well-done mystery. (Columbia.)

Across The Bridge

A TENSE suspense thriller by that master story teller Graham Greene. When financier Rod Steiger is caught in a huge swindle, he tries to escape to Mexico. In an attempt to cover up his trail, he almost commits murder to get Bill Nagy's passport. Along with the identification comes Dolores, a dog which had belonged to Nagy. Unfortunately, Steiger picked the wrong man with whom to trade identities—Nagy is wanted by the Mexican police as a political assassin. Every attempt Steiger makes to escape ar-

continued on page 72

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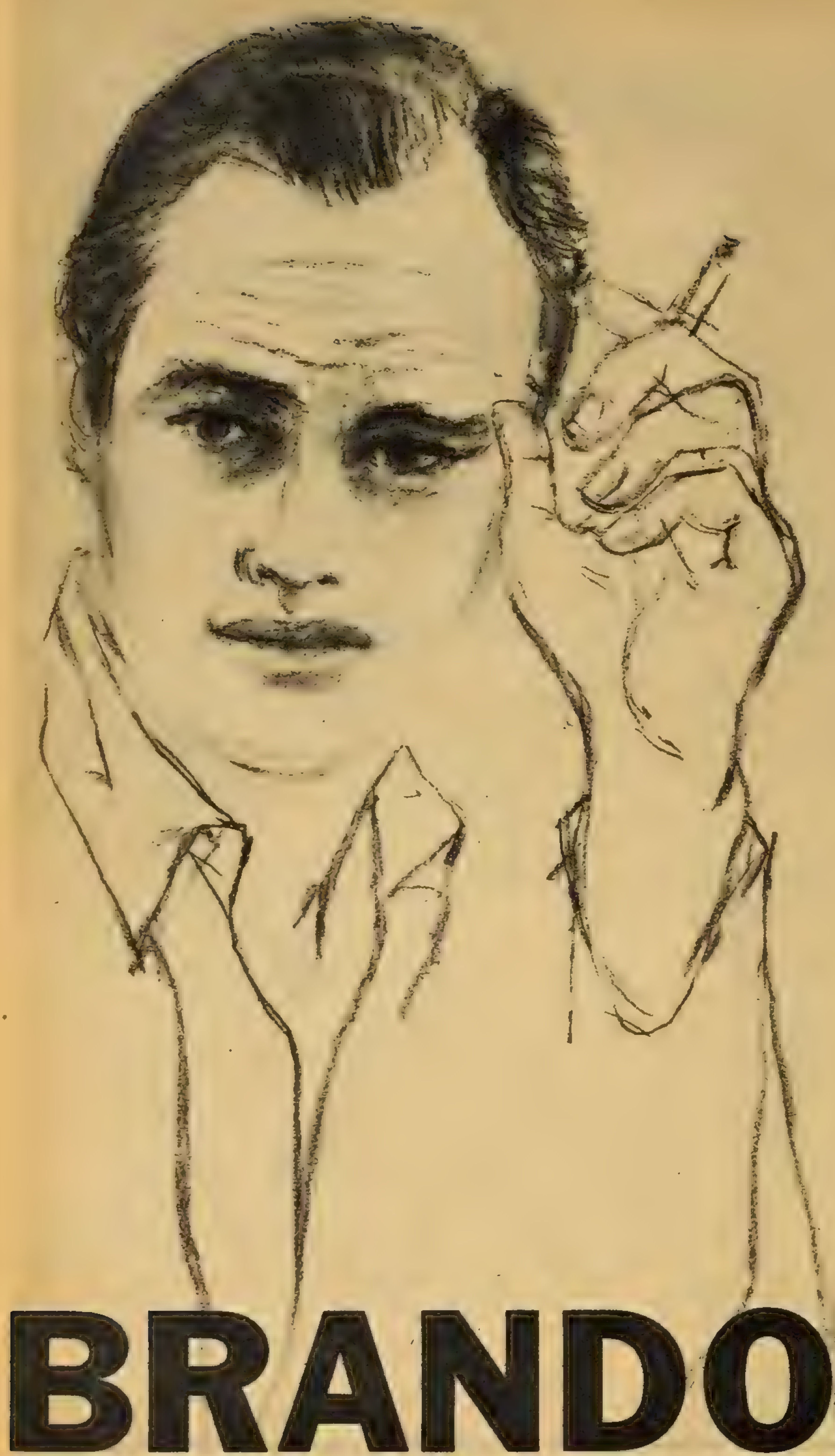
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1-205



COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued

rest backfires, until the man who had made fortunes risks capture for a mongrel who had nothing to give but devotion. There's much of significance in this, but it's best to sit back and enjoy it as entertainment. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Unholy Wife

IT doesn't pay, I tell you, it just doesn't pay to work most of your life like Rod Steiger, growing grapes and building up a wine empire, then have some woman muscle in. Steiger wasn't satisfied wandering around the vineyards in the hot California sun, squeezing grapes, no, he had to get a wife, Diana Dors. Anyone else would have recognized her sort of woman, but not Steiger, he wanted to be a good husband to her and a devoted father to her little boy. Soon after the "I do's," she's saying "I will" to rodeo cowboy Tom Tryon. But how to get rid of Steiger? When she finally works out her plan, it's about as complicated as a theory on relativity, only she doesn't plan to have any relatives left when she's through. (Universal-International.)

The Helen Morgan Story

AFTER seeing a number of screened biographies on entertainers, mostly those from the '20s and '30s, you arrive at the conclusion that whatever made these people great in their field also made them weak as human beings. Helen Morgan, surprisingly well played by Ann Blyth, is another of the stars who faded far before their time. Parts of this story are true, others are fiction, but the result is a better than the average run of the hackneyed biography mill. From being one of the biggest money-makers in show business, the singer eventually slid into oblivion. The pattern isn't new, but the sensitivity and sadness that was so much a part of Helen Morgan was new. The songs, sung by Gogi Grant, are wonderful. (Warner Bros.)

Escapade In Japan

VERY few seven-year-olds could come miles near young Jon Provost's speed as a seasoned traveler. Rescued from a life raft following the crash of a plane in which he was flying to mother Teresa Wright and father Cameron Mitchell, Jon was picked up by a Japanese fishing family. Thanks to his small Japanese chum, Roger Nakagawa, Jon barely wrings the sea water out of his socks when the lads go tooting all over the more scenic parts of Japan in search of Jon's parents. How two boys managed to outwit the police force of several large Japanese towns, the U.S. Army and diplomatic service, is delightful proof that some children lead charmed lives. (RKO) **END**

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A Phone Call To Natalie

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actually I'm pretty proud of them. They really work hard at it. There are five of them here today and pretty soon the really important part will come—when they all stop to have Cokes and potato chips and all kinds of things. It's a good thing this house is well provided with snacks. We need them!

"Which reminds me . . . where did Nick go? Oh, well, he'll turn up when the snacks start to appear. Photographers are coming in a little bit to photograph the bullfight paintings and posters and things and I'll have to . . . Ooops, I'm sorry. There's the doorbell . . ."

"Now, about . . ." I began a moment later, and she said, "The photographers are here to set up their things to take pictures of the bullfighting painting and posters and after a bit I shall have to pose for them in this room. I'm sorry but I'll have to move to a phone in another part of the house. I'll join you in a minute. My goodness, people seem to be cleaning the swimming pool, too. This place is really swarming!"

When I retrieved her I asked, "Have you been in this swimming pool at your new house? I understand you had the other one a whole year and never did get into it."

"That's true," she admitted, "although Lana and her friends gave it plenty of use. But I've been in this one and I love it . . ."

She suddenly emitted a slight squeak. "Don't tell me Mother is locked out again. How can she be, with all these people around? Well, somebody let her in. Mother, why don't you ever carry a key . . . ?"

"And where's Nick? Having snacks with the play-reading class?"

"About 'Marjorie Morningstar,' I'm really working terribly hard for it." She broke off and for a moment she sounded anxious about it.

"I do hope," she said, "that you won't think this is a typical day in my life, just because so many things have happened to interrupt us. It's because I *do* have a day

off from lessons and hair tests and costume fittings that everything has piled up so. If I weren't working so hard other days, a day at home wouldn't be so frantic. But they've had me working all the time every day until today."

I heard the other phone ring again. "Yes, Judy," she was saying, "I did get you a stole to wear tonight. I didn't have one of my own that I thought was quite right, so I got one from the studio. It will be perfect, believe me, honey, it will. See you later. Yes . . . you come and dress here."

Back to me. "That was one of my very best friends. We're double-dating tonight for a premiere and a party and I borrowed a stole for her. We often get together to dress for these things. . . . Hmmm, I think some flowers have just come for both of us!

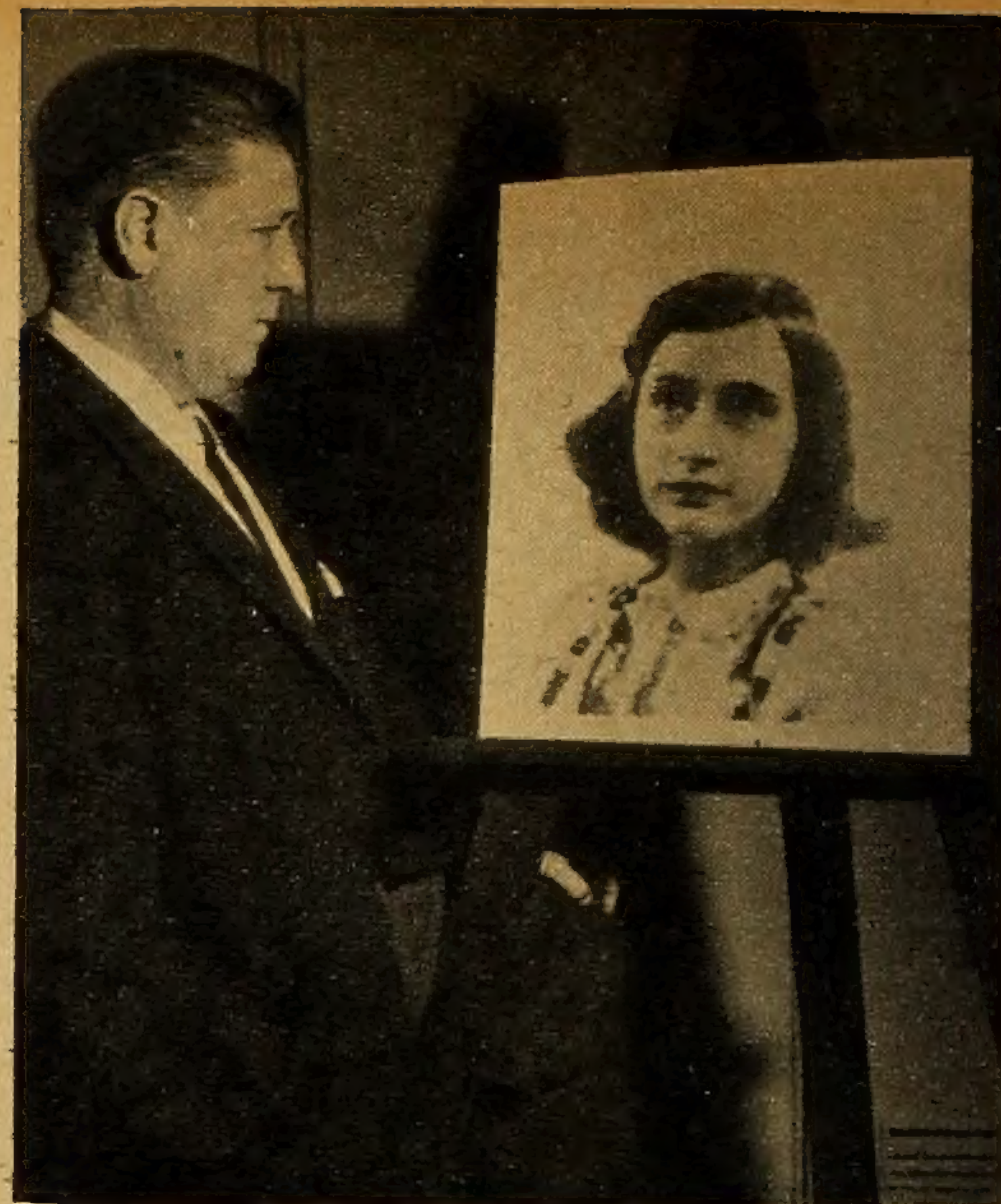
"Oh, dear!" For the first time during that hectic afternoon Natalie sounded a little bit tired.

"Lana," she reported, "has some members of the baseball Little League at the door and she has promised them that I will do something about autographs. I'll just *have* to. They're so sweet . . . all those little boys. But we can finish our conversation first.

"'Morningstar' is the most important part, the most challenging one, that has ever come my way," she said, earnestly. "I *have* to do a good job with it and I intend to. Tomorrow I'll be back at the studio, working hard. Today was my day off. It was nice of you to sort of share it with me and I hope it hasn't been too trying . . ."

I thought that Natalie's "day off" would just about kill a lot of people, including me. But, as I cradled the phone, I earnestly wished her well in her role of "Marjorie Morningstar," as I am sure many other people will do. This girl is really working for it.

P. S. Natalie was right. Nick Adams was having snacks with the "play-reading class." Cokes, potato chips and cheese snacks, Natalie joined them. **END**



PRODUCER George Stevens, studying photo of young war martyr Anne Frank, wants living counterpart to play her in film.

Rock Hudson, glad to be back with wife Phyllis, who was ill for too long, admits that as a contract player for U-I he hasn't been able to save any money. He hopes to stash away a fortune via his independent picture company. And to make sure that some of it sticks, he has hired a business manager for the first time since he became a star. . . . Otto Preminger's tough tactics while directing discovery Jean Seberg in "Bonjour Tristesse," were the talk of Europe. She was crying more than smiling between takes, but stated philosophically, "Perhaps bullying is good for me. I'm inclined to be lazy." Personally, I would think Otto's tactics would take away her confidence, which she needs badly after the fiasco of their "St. Joan" misadventure.

Richard Egan dilly-dallied so long with Pat Hardy that she lost interest. This of course is their cue to elope. You'd be surprised how many couples this reporter has needled into an elopement. Eddie and Debbie are one. Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, another. . . . Garbo has decided to be more social and has actually stood still for some press photographs—after prodding from good friend Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis. . . . Happiest couple in Hollywood—Art Linkletter and his Lois, wed 22 years. Son Jack takes the marriage plunge in December. . . . Surprise of the year, Jennifer Jones allowing the photographers to take pictures of herself and three-year-old daughter for the first time, when she returned here after her "Farewell To Arms" in Italy. The little girl is the image of her pretty ma.

Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn will be apart this winter for six weeks, while he goes on ahead to prepare for "Green Mansions" in South America. Their first long separation since the marriage. They've been lucky. Most acting couples have to work in different directions. . . . That's all for this semester. **END**

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

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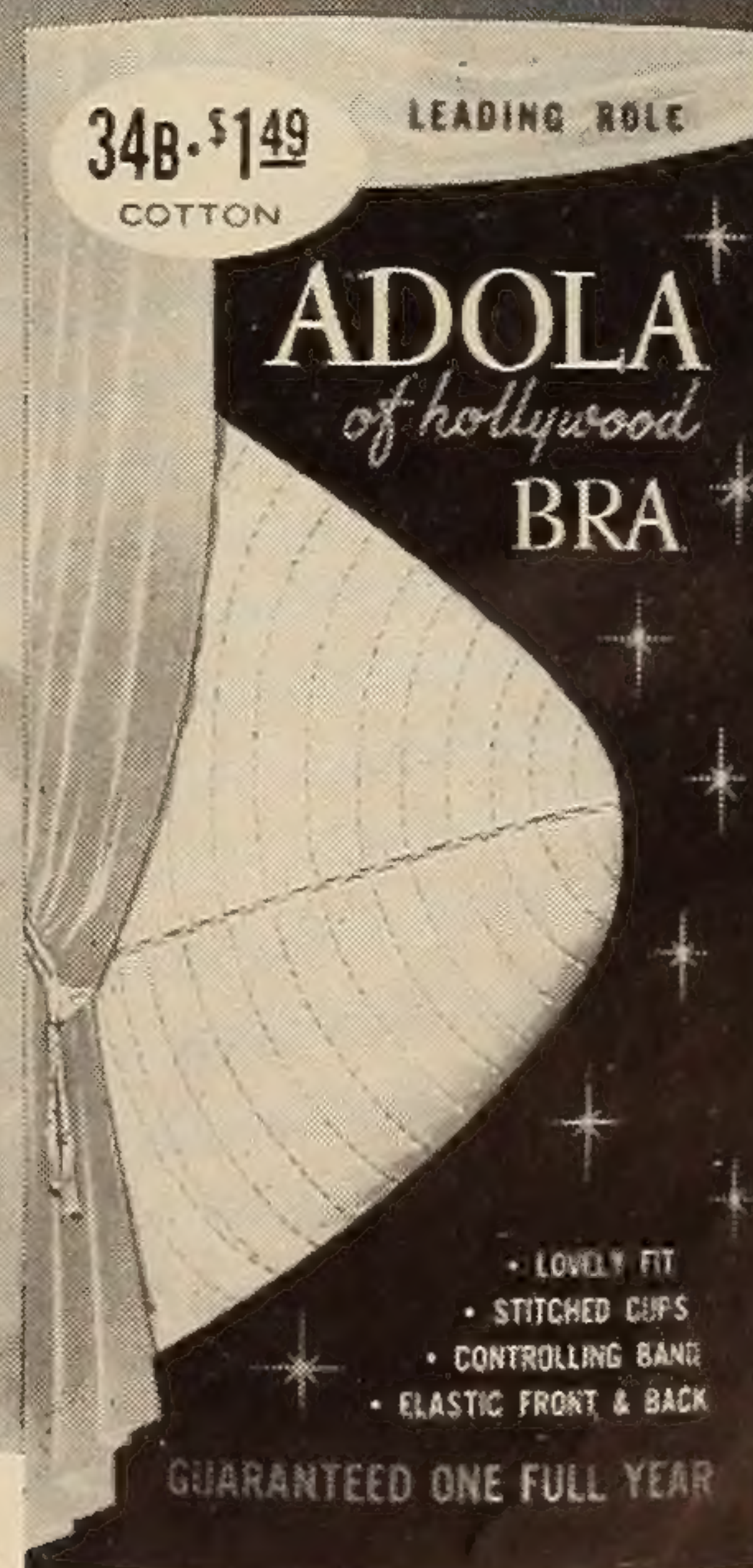
London success even than it has been in this country. . . . Marlene Dietrich bemoaning the good old days—"There just aren't any glamour stars today because there aren't any glamour star makers—like Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer." Well, there'll always be glamour as long as there's a Marlene Dietrich. . . . Watch for Princess Grace

Kelly to start her own picture company in Monaco, after the birth of the new baby. She has a ready-made set—the Prince's palace.

Mae West and Charlie Chaplin are writing their memoirs. If they tell the complete truth, the books will be worth reading. But no more evasive jobs like the Duchess of Windsor's book, please.

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